

COMMENT OF THE DAY

Rearming Japan

THE United States and Japan have announced an agreement between them about the need for increasing Japanese military forces. This is a question that interests other countries besides the two parties to the statement just issued. The business of Japanese rearmament is hardly a matter for bilateral negotiation between Washington and Tokyo. It ought to be considered in the framework of a general plan for security in the Pacific. It is one of the ironies of history that the United States should be pressing Japan to take an interest in self-defence and spend more manpower and material on building military strength. During the MacArthur regime the Japanese were indoctrinated with the idea that in the past they had been wickedly militaristic; and their post-war constitution included a provision that never again would they maintain armed forces. With some solemnity, and at the bidding of the United States, Japan renounced war forever and pledged itself to stay permanently disarmed. This arrangement did not look realistic at the time and it looks even less realistic now.

WHEN Secretary of State Dulles was in Tokyo last August, he had talks with Prime Minister Yoshida about this question and, as was publicly reported, he chided the statesman about the fact that Japan was spending only 25 per cent of its national income on defence. Since then, reports indicated that Japan, as to be expected, has yielded to American pressure. The precise details of the agreement have not been announced, but the general idea is clear. Washington asks Japan to recruit an army of about 350,000 men which would be a relatively small force for a country of Japan's manpower—and promises America assistance in supplying equipment. This may be quite in order, but other countries ought surely to have a voice in the question of Japanese rearmament; and in the interest of peace and security the acceptance of Japan as a military ally ought to be part of a broad plan, on the model of NATO, for Pacific defence.

Neo-Fascist Plot Behind The Trieste Riots

LONDON TO GET SECRET REPORT

By David Burk

Trieste, Nov. 13. A top secret report will leave Trieste in the next two or three days for the Foreign Office, London.

It contains as much drama as "The Third Man" or "Operation Cicero".

It describes the step by step buildup of the neo-Fascist plot behind the Trieste riots to which Mr Anthony Eden, the Foreign Secretary, referred to in the House of Commons on Monday.

The key point in the chain of command is an office in the centre of Rome. This is the base of a sinister individual known as "Limping Man".

He was one of Mussolini's faithful followers from the Duce's earliest days. He was an important agent in Italy's prewar secret police, the Ova.

Towards the end of Mussolini's regime Limping Man was rewarded with the prefecture of an important northern city.

The main task in Trieste of his department has been to finance its political parties. In this way the parties were forced to submit to some degree of control. Members could always be found to act for Limping Man's ends.

Chief beneficiaries of Limping Man's cash handouts are Movimento Sociale Italiano, the growing postwar version of Mussolini's Fascist party. These are the people who planned and directed last week's Trieste riots. A recent police raid on their Trieste headquarters yielded a crop of documents showing their link with Limping Man.

FUNDS FOR THUGS

There is also ample proof that some of his funds have been used to pay squads of thugs mobilised in the two central areas of Trieste, the Viale Settembre—and Piazzi Cavana.

The two gangs—used to drive student demonstrators to violence—are well known to the police. Their activities are not basically political. They will work for anyone who will pay them two thousand lire (just over one pound) daily.

It is accepted as a fact that neither the ex-Premier Alcide De Gasperi nor his successor, Giuseppe Pella—both Christian Democrats—are aware of the real activities of Limping Man.

All is calm in Trieste now but any adequate pretext might well signal the start of more fighting and bloodshed.—London Express Service.

BELGRADE TALKS

Belgrade, Nov. 13. The conditions under which a conference on Trieste could be held were discussed today by the Yugoslav Foreign Minister, M. Koca Popovich, and British Ambassador, Sir Ivone Mallet, the French Ambassador, M. Philippe Baude, and the United States Charge d'Affaires, Mr Woodruff Waller.

The Foreign Minister received, at their request, this afternoon the British Ambassador, Sir Ivone Mallet, the French Ambassador, M. Philippe Baude, and the United States Charge d'Affaires, Mr Woodruff Waller.

SOUNDING-OUT

Rome, Nov. 13. The British, American and French ambassadors called at the Foreign Ministry here today to sound unofficially the Italian government on the new proposals to facilitate the solution of the Trieste problem, well-informed sources said.

The same sources said that the calling of a conference had been mentioned as one of the possibilities which might achieve results.—France-Press.

ANOTHER PROPOSAL

Belgrade, Nov. 13. Yugoslavia may propose the holding of a referendum in Trieste to choose between Italian nationality or internationalisation of the city.

An article in favour of this solution, by the distinguished Professor of International Law, Milton Bartosh, which is to appear in the next issue of the review, International Policy, was given large publicity today by the official news service, Yugopress.

Professor Bartosh advocates complete autonomy of the city with a special regime, both for the town proper and for the "free port".—France-Press.

Attempt To Separate Siamese Twins

London, Nov. 13. An operation to separate Siamese twins, both girls, is about to take place in a London hospital.

Aged three and a half, the girls are joined at the stomach. Their parents belong to the Bantu race of Nigeria and doctors in Kano (Nigeria), where they were born, said that only an operation could save them.

Accompanied by their mother, the twin babies, one named Waridoko and the other Toumounotou Egeli, arrived in London last night. They underwent a preliminary examination soon after their arrival.

Recently an operation of this kind was performed successfully in New Orleans in the United States, but previous attempts in England had failed.—France-Press.

Molotov Explains Soviet Proposal

Moscow, Nov. 13.

Viacheslav Molotov, the Soviet Foreign Minister, told a Press conference today that the Soviet's proposal for a five-Power conference, including China, did not mean that all problems must be considered simultaneously.

"What it does mean is: 1. That all the Great Powers be included; and, 2. that they not be bound by an agenda and be free to discuss any questions they thought would contribute to easing international tension," Mr Molotov said.

"The urgency of a Foreign Ministers' conference is by no means diminished," he added.

He was referring to the Russian November 3 note proposing a five-Power conference including China for discussion of world tensions as well as a meeting of four-Power Foreign Ministers to discuss Germany.

"The proposals of the Soviet Government were favourably received by public opinion in many countries," Mr Molotov said.

"These proposals encountered a different reception on the part of Government circles and certain sections of the Press in the United States, Britain and France," he added.

CONTRARY TO FACT "The United States President Eisenhower even qualified the Soviet note as 'negative', alleging that the Soviet note manifested no intention of a get together. Such a statement is obviously contrary to fact. World public opinion now is focused on the question of calling a Foreign Ministers' conference. Only recently the Soviet Government three times raised with the Governments of the United States, Britain and France the question of convening a conference of Foreign Ministers."

Mr Molotov said, "The point, however, is not that the Soviet Government desires a convocation of a conference of Foreign Ministers while the Governments of the United States, Great Britain and France don't want one. No one can deny that all three Governments have expressed themselves as being in favour of convening a conference of Foreign Ministers. However, so far, they have been unable to reach agreement on the aims of such a conference."

The Press conference was unprecedented here in recent years and apparently was called to give the Soviet reply to Western criticism of the Russians' note of last November 3.

The prevailing atmosphere of the conference, which was held on the seventh floor of the newspaper Soviet Foreign Ministry, was friendly.

Molotov's 12-page statement was translated at intervals as he proceeded to read it. Molotov looked rested following a recent holiday. He wore a blue suit with matching tie, a white shirt and held a rimless pipe in his hand as he spoke.—United Press.

HUKS HOLD UP BUS

Manila, Nov. 13.

Fifteen heavily armed Hukbong forces held up a Manila-bound transportation bus on a highway in Laguna Province on Thursday, robbing the passengers of about \$2,000 in cash, jewellery and other belongings and set fire to the vehicle before escaping.

The Hukbong, who wore fatigues, uniforms, dragged the driver from the seat when he refused to alight. An Army report stated the Hukbong stopped the bus at a roadblock and ordered the passengers to alight at the point of carbines, sub-machine guns and pistols.—France-Press.

EISENHOWER IN OTTAWA

Ottawa, Nov. 13.

President Eisenhower arrived in Ottawa today and began a two-day state visit by placing a wreath on the Canadian National War Memorial while some 20,000 townsfolk and civil servants looked on.

Following a brief ceremony at the memorial, he was taken to Government House, the residence of Canada's Governor-General, to start a jam-packed schedule of social events and informal meetings with Canadian officials.—United Press.

Arson Scare At Georgetown

Police Rushed To Plantation

Georgetown, Nov. 13. Police reinforcements were today rushed to the Albion plantation near here where People's Progressive Party followers were believed to have attempted arson last night.

Work was closed down last month because the majority of the plantation workers went on strike, saying they were waiting for former Premier Cheddi Jagan's return.

The manager was away on leave and a mattress was found on the box gallery with wood shavings burning beside it. The shavings were extinguished before the fire reached the mattress.—France-Press.

JAGAN SPEAKS

London, Nov. 13.

Dr Cheddi Jagan, the deposed Prime Minister of British Guiana, told about 2,000 people in Newcastle tonight that because the People's Progressive Party in the British Guiana had dared to improve the standards of the people and because they had not acted as stooges of the sugar planters, the Conservative Government had acted with battleships and troops.

The meeting was sponsored by Newcastle City's Labour Party and the Newcastle Trade Council against the advice of the National Executive of the Labour Party and the Trade Union Congress respectively.

Dr Jagan said his party was fighting against want and the destitution of the people. "The issue is not Communism. The issue is democracy. It is not us who are on trial. It is Lyttelton and the Labour Party and the Trade Union Congress are not careful in the future they themselves will be on trial," said Dr Jagan.

BRITAIN'S HOPE

London, Nov. 13. Britain wanted to see British Guiana go forward under a genuine democratic political system to full self-government, Mr Henry Hopkinson, Minister of State for Colonial Affairs, who recently went to Georgetown, declared at Torquay today.

The Minister said: "We need a good government for a long period. The voters must be made to realise that the government is doing its utmost to remedy those grievances. Clear and concrete evidence must also be given that those grievances are in fact being remedied. They must also be shown what are the limits of what is possible otherwise the soil will remain fertile for the action of unscrupulous Communist agitators. The voters must learn how to judge between genuine and proper activities of the politicians and the false and dangerous propaganda of unscrupulous demagogues."

Mr Hopkinson concluded, "All these things will take time, but it is our hope that under the interim government which is to be introduced next month, and while the committee of inquiry is working out the basis for a new constitution there will be the opportunity for progress in all these fields."—France-Press.

Where To Find Today's Big Features

Page 2. Local cinema notes, news and views by Margaret Bruce.
Page 3. Interesting stories from all parts of the world.
Page 6. The first chapter in Gregory Peck's own life story.
Page 7. Opening instalment of Sir Winston Churchill's sixth and final volume of war memoirs.
Page 8. The first chapter in Gregory Peck's own life story.
Pages 16 and 17. Local weekend sport reviewed by the China Mail's special team of experts.

Drummond Murder

Startling Development Disclosed

Digne, France, Nov. 13.

Gustavo Dominici tonight confessed that his father, Gaston, had killed the British scientist, Sir Jack Drummond, his wife, Anne, and their eleven-year-old daughter, whose bodies were discovered two hundred yards from the Grand Terre farm owned by the Dominici family on August 5, 1952.

The father, however, denied that he had shot the British scientist and his wife and had battered the girl to death as they were camping with car and trailer in the district.

Today police interrogated a new witness and re-staged the events of last year's crime. Later they removed Gustavo Dominici from Grand Terre for interrogation.

The police said today that the murderer of the Drummond family would probably be apprehended within 24 hours.

The mystery of this 14-month-old crime lay in the fact that there had been a series of conflicting statements as to whether or not the bodies had been moved, following testimony from passing motorists and motor-cyclists.

Tonight a police inspector revealed that the two sons of Gaston Dominici, Gustavo and Clovis, had accused him of the murder but that he was still denying the charge.

Police still did not know the motive for the triple crime since there had been no robbery in the car or trailer.—France-Press.

Mass Deportation

Teheran, Nov. 13.

The newspaper Toke Teheran reported here today that 130 people arrested on Thursday were deported today to Khark Island in the Persian Gulf.

Among those deported were students, shopkeepers and a newspaper director, said the Poste Teheran.—France-Press.

Carrier Explosion Inquiry

Man Killed While Writing Letter

Boston, Nov. 13.

A letter from a sailor to his girl, interrupted in the middle of a sentence when the writer was killed by the explosion aboard the aircraft carrier Leyte, was among evidence considered by Navy investigators.

Rear Admiral Delbert Cornwell, head of a Navy board of inquiry into the disaster that killed 37 men, said the letter, found in the ruins, was significant because the sailor, on duty in the forward catapult room, was describing his duties. The blast originated in the catapult section of the carrier.

Adm. Cornwell said the sailor, who was not identified, started the letter by telling his girl how much he missed her. Then he explained his chores.

GAUGE WATCHING

He had been assigned to watch a gauge on the catapult apparatus which was being tested. When the gauge reached a certain figure, which he listed in the letter, he was to report to an officer.

"Right now at—p.m., it reads—" the sailor wrote. Later he wrote "now it reads—41—p.m."

In disclosing the letter to newsmen, the Navy telegraphed the figures for security reasons. The letter was found attached to a metal clipboard which was not destroyed by the fire.

The board has concluded its hearings and forwarded its findings to the Atlantic Fleet. Force headquarters at Norfolk, Virginia, where they eventually may be made public.

The board absolved the Leyte's commander, Capt. Thomas A. Abron of Norfolk, of any "fault or negligence" in the October 10 disaster. Capt. Abron and the Leyte's crew were praised for their prompt action in coping with the tragedy.—United Press.

WATCHMAN'S BODY FOUND

Tel-Aviv, Nov. 13.

The Israeli authorities announced today that they had found the body of the Israeli watchman, who was reported yesterday to have been kidnapped by Jordanians, together with two others and eight women.

The body was found, with several bullets in the back, some 150 yards from the border, on the Israeli side.

An Israeli enquiry was conducted in the presence of United Nations observers and included questioning of the women, who were kidnapped at the same time and later released.—France-Press.

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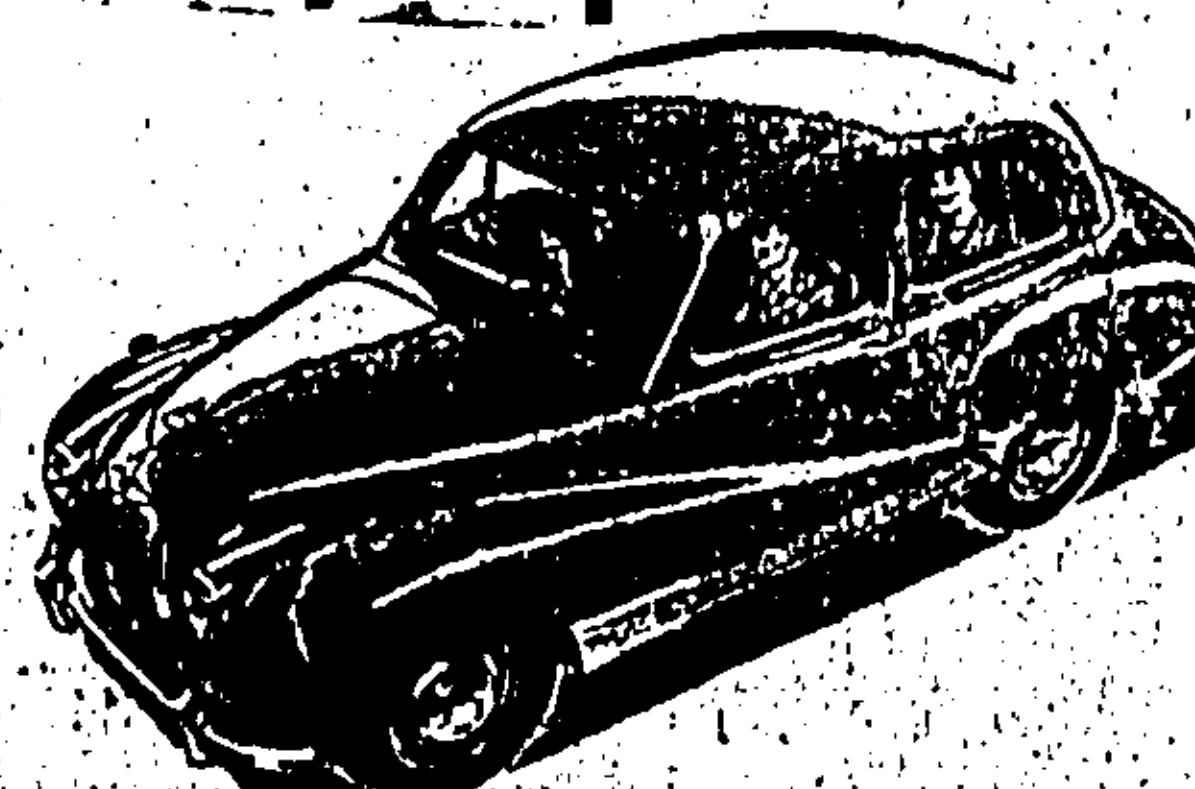
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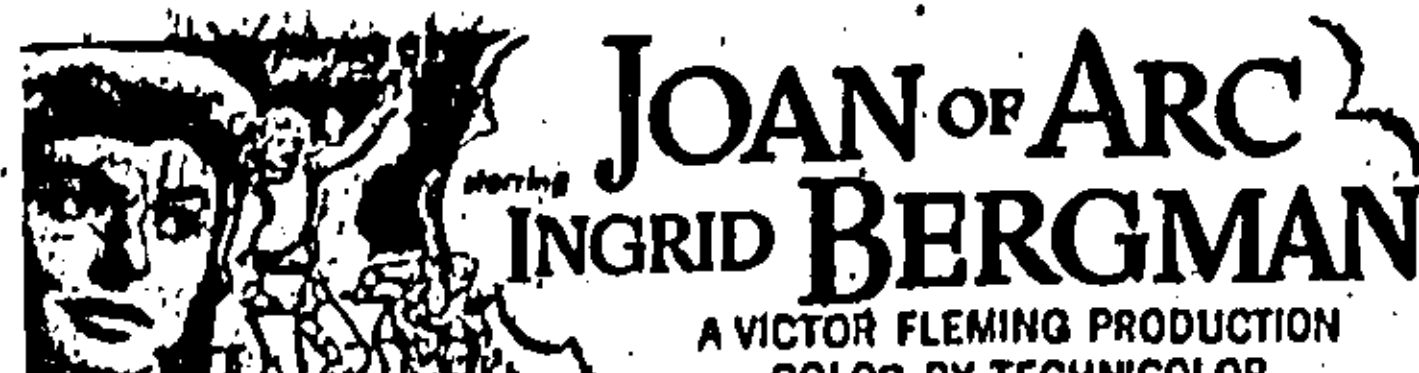
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SHOWING TO-DAY

KING'S PRINCESS

SPECIAL TIMES

AT 2.30, 5.10, 7.20
& 9.40 P.M.AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30
& 9.40 P.M.JOAN OF ARC
INGRID BERGMAN

A VICTOR FLEMING PRODUCTION
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR
A CAST OF HUNDREDS WITH ROSE FENNER • FRANCIS L. BURNETT • J. CARROLL NASH • WANDA HENDRIX
SHEPPARD STROPPIER • HUBERT HANFORD • GENE LOCKHART • JOHN LEMMON • GEORGE COLEBURN • JOHN HILLMAN
and GENE KELLY • PRODUCED BY WALTER WANGER • DIRECTED BY VICTOR FLEMING
Based on the play "Joan of Arc" by GEORGE SHERWOOD • Screenplay by MAXWELL ANDERSON
JOAN OF ARC • An American Production • Directed by VICTOR FLEMING • A.S.C.
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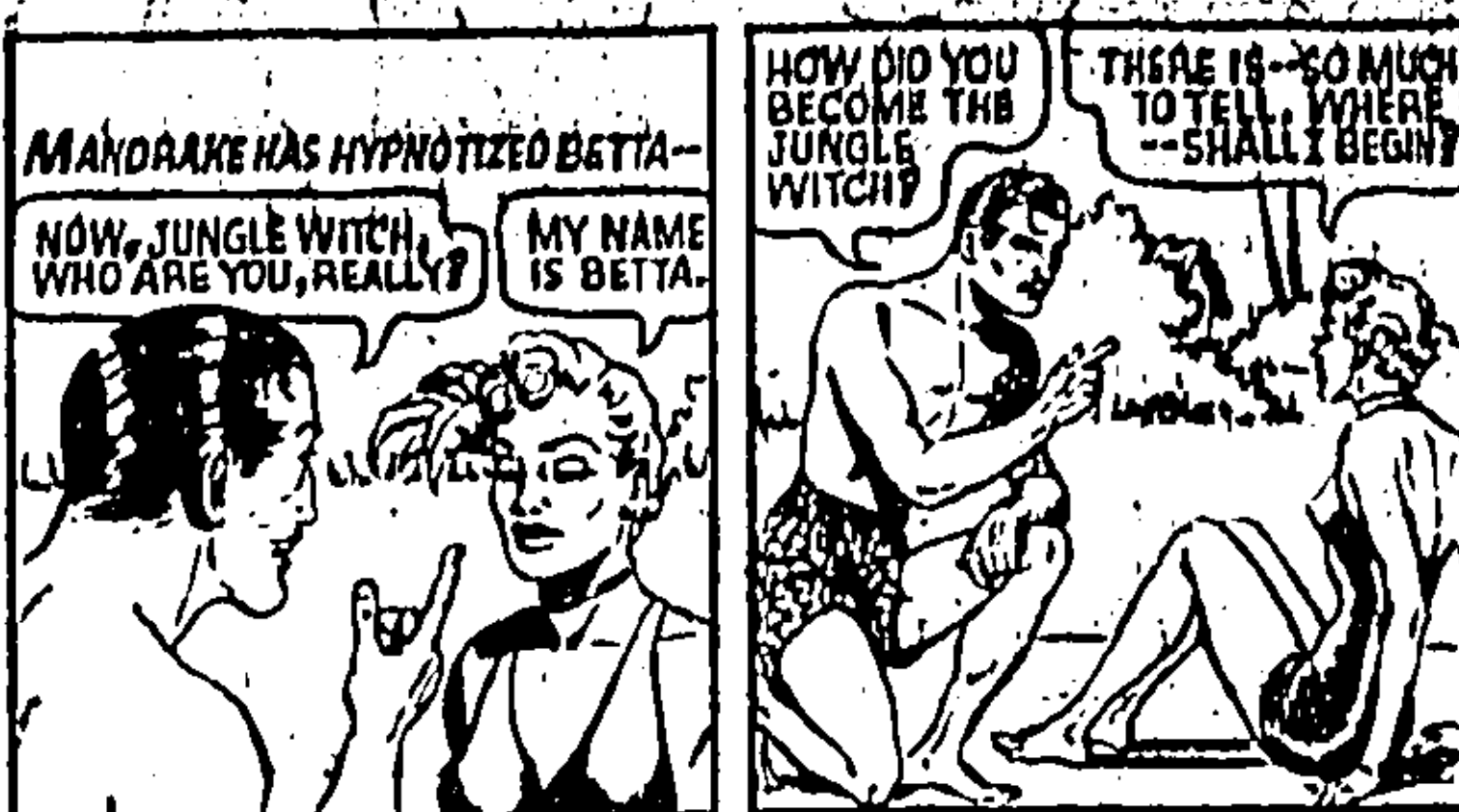


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CASPIN

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING

By MARGARET BRUCE

The other evening I overheard a criticism of the film "SOUTH OF ALGIERS," which I had recommended so highly, and I thought that a few general words on the subject of film critique, and my particular approach to it might not come amiss to anyone who cares to accept my appreciations in the future.

To begin with film taste is a very personal thing—naturally I am prejudiced by my own inclinations. I will always, however, try to give a hint as to the type of entertainment offered to help you judge for yourselves where our paths cross.

I think that there is a danger of the public not regarding the Motion Picture as a separate art. And in this art there must be variety to suit all tastes. A steady diet of realism would nauseate many. Because, beyond everything, the Cinema provides a means of escape and a relief from monotony.

The only type of film that I will not tolerate, then, is a badly made, badly acted and presented one, regardless of the subject. I feel it my concern to tell you which—in my opinion—are the best movies, of their various types.

It's a rare film indeed that has no faults, and I still maintain that "SOUTH OF ALGIERS" fulfilled its role of entertainer magnificently.

Whilst on the subject of generalities I would like to take this opportunity of observing that SPITTING IS PROHIBITED IN OUR CINEMAS. What steps do managements take to enforce their rule? Some take steps.

Now let us see what the coming week has to offer. "DREAM WIFE" is now, happily, running at the CAPITOL and LIBERTY. They follow it up with MGM's colourful "SOMBRERO". It's also very star-spangled, having Pier Angeli, Cyd Charisse, Yvonne de Carlo, Ricardo Montalban and Vittorio Gassman. There is an involved pattern of three love affairs, set against the background of Mexico. All of them are caught in a feud between two neighbouring villages. They are, in turn, humorous, tragic and typical, this last showing how love overcomes all obstacles—in films at least.

Nearly everyone either sings or dances, and Cyd Charisse dancing is of the best quality that the screen has to offer. But that is only one aspect of this variety show. In it there is something for almost every film fan in the Colony. Although I think it is for the fan, and not the casual flinger.

The KING'S and PRINCESS are showing "JOAN OF ARC". This is an old film but one of great splendour. Ingrid Bergman is perfectly cast as The Maid—it emphasises the loss we are suffering through the suspension of the work of this artist for moral reasons.

Who are the moralists that ordain it? I hope they don't live in glass houses. Jore Ferrer makes his first appearance on celluloid as the Dauphin. Already the power is there—that and the beautiful voice.

I was impressed and moved in spite of a personal doubt as to the right to assume the possibility of Divine Interference in international affairs. In a sense the film is pure Hollywood, and will be condemned by many as such, but it is Hollywood at its very best.

DIFFICULT "FROM HERE TO ETERNITY" will be coming soon to the KING'S, PRINCESS and EMPIRE. I don't think I feel quite qualified to criticise this film for the simple reason that it speaks a language I fail to understand.

It must have a message—such coarseness and so-called reality invariably has. If these details of brutality, blackmail and cor-

ruption would really have been tolerated in an Army, then it's a pity that the message wasn't delivered before. If false, then it is iniquitous to present it at all. I myself don't believe in them.

The climax of the film is the bombing of Pearl Harbor and this is brilliantly presented and photographed. The outstanding performance comes from Burt Lancaster as the efficient but basically human sergeant.

Deborah Kerr is miscast as a bold "piece". With Hollywood packed full of actresses far more highly qualified for the part, it seems a pity to rob Miss Kerr, momentarily I hope, of her dignity.

Montgomery Clift is the central figure, the bullied enlisted man. It's hard to judge his performance as he maintains a set facial expression throughout as usual—to great advantage of course, judging by the size of his fan mail.

Donna Reed plays the part of a girl in a very ambiguous position extremely well. You'll be surprised at Frank Sinatra. He acts a difficult part with great aptitude, although to say that he is in the running for an Oscar (which I have heard rumoured) is quite preposterous. You'll be harrowed and perhaps impressed.

The EMPIRE at the moment (besides giving us Scionan) are showing "MY OUTLAW BROTHER". The stars are Wanda Hendrix, Mickey Rooney, Robert Preston and Robert Stack. Miss Hendrix is no more attractive than she ever is, and Mickey Rooney is himself.

Here we have mere Mexico. Rooney is a New Yorker heading South to find his brother. He also finds a lot of danger and excitement and, of course, Wanda Hendrix, poor chap.

Afterwards, here, we have "THE GREEN GLOVE", starring Glenn Ford, Geraldine Brooks and Sir Cedric Hardwicke. The setting is an attractive one—Paris and the Riviera. The glove in question is a priceless relic from an ancient church, high in the mountains of Southern France. Ford's efforts to locate the glove and (being the hero) to return it to its niche, are the subject of a thrilling chase.

After the current treat at the QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA and the delicious "ADORABLE CREATURES" we have "ANGLES WITH DIRTY



Cyd Charisse dances in MGM's SOMBRERO.

FACES" a re-issue that was good in its youth.

And then there's to be Doris Day and Gordon MacRae singing together "BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVER MOON". All those who saw "ON MOONLIGHT BAY" will know just what to expect as this is the sequel.

It's a light-hearted musical with a happy family theme. Life is complicated by the gross interference of the young son of the house who obviously needs careful watching by an experienced psychiatrist with strong nerves.

But all ends as it should. This is a film for popular-music lovers, particularly the brand delivered by Miss Day, who gives new life to some good old tunes.

LEGION

The number of Indian Chiefs with impressive names that have scalped their way across the Hongkong screens recently are legion. The latest is Oceola (or that superb actor Anthony Quinn) in "SEMINOLE" at the LEE and GREAT WORLD.

When I tell you that Rock Hudson is also in the cast I

expect that the large majority will rush off to see it.

The film is undoubtedly packed with action, and lifted above average by Quinn's performance. I am told that the next change here will be a Japanese film.

This week-end the ROXY and BROADWAY are starting "BLUEPRINT FOR MURDER". Jenn Peters and Joseph Cotton are the stars, with Belle Davis' husband, Gary Merrill, in a strong supporting role. The plot is an unusual one—it makes no mystery of the killer's identity, and yet the suspense is cleverly maintained to the end.

Miss Peters gets excellent acting opportunities in the role of a stepmother with literally poisonous tendencies, and she grasps them with ability.

It may interest flingers to know that much of the action takes place against a background provided by the Jewish home of veteran actress Marion Davies. This little shack includes two swimming pools amongst its amenities—you can see how useful that must be.

An Oddish Dish To Set Before A Queen

Says JOHN McKENNA

An oddish dish to set before a Queen.

We mean, of course "Rob Roy," the Royal Performance film.

With all of Mr. Disney's well-meantness, this two-gun tale of a Highland upstart who set out to wage a one-man war on a monarch must still have been a mite disquieting.

Mr. Disney concludes that "German George" was a Great King because he gave a handsome pardon to Rob and all the "treasonous MacGregors" instead of sending an army to put them down. Alas, the Queen is not without rebels in her Empire to-day and even though they may be less colourful and their less handsome than Mr. Richard Todd, their intent is not unlike that of the rebels of 1710.

ALL GOOD FUN

Nevertheless, it was all good fun and nobody, happily, looks to Mr. Disney for edifying sermons. "Rob Roy" is, plainly not a great film—the plot is worn and hackneyed, and acting stereotyped, the violence too, clearly false. But it provides a pleasant way to lose a couple of hours and it will prove a children's delight. Few people, we suppose, will expect much more from Royal Performance choices. All have

been sound entertainment and good box-office bets; none, history-makers.

Royal Performances are, however, a delightful institution. No newspaperman, for instance, would want to see the disappearance of the performance "reception", an occasion soaked in the good things that come out of bottles, stuffed with good food and expensive cigarettes and studded with shapely stars.

This year, it sported Mr. Todd in coloured waistcoat and tweed suit, Jeanne Crain in a tight-fitting black dress and an umbrella-sized hat, Glynnis Johns trying hard to look like a Scots matron and "Handsome Jack" Hawkins putting on his best college-boy manner.

We drove Mr. Todd into a corner and demanded: Where do you go from here? "To Paris," he replied directly, explaining that he was acting a sequence he had written himself for a French film.

It will be called "Le Lili". And what will it be about? Mr. Todd caught politely. "What do YOU think a picture about?" He is not sure that it will ever get out of France.

Miss Crain told us fantastic tales of African crocodiles (she is just back from location) and explained that she was a little miffed at the Queen's organisers. She wanted her

aircraft-maker husband in the reception line with her. But they said no.

"Where else," she wondered, "would you expect to be introduced to half a family?"

There's a shock ahead for Alastair Sim fans.

No more the quiet aesthetically minded, Sim plays the part of a cold-blooded police inspector in the forthcoming version of J. B. Priestley's "An Inspector Calls."

Sim will be the man who unfolds the fantastic plot to destroy a human soul. Actually, the job is not so strange as it seems. Alastair started his career as a "serious" actor.

Bewildered Actor Bill Owen is still bewildered. "He survived 'The Square Ring'—in which he played a tough professional boxer—without a scratch."

When he went into his new picture "The Rainbow Jacket" he figured he was safe. He plays a jockey whose licence has been suspended. But he's now nursing a large bruise on the chest. A horse kicked him.

WORKING HARD J. Arthur Rank's make-up men are working hard on Adrienne Cori—deglamorising her. Curvaceous Adrienne is to be a love-starved, overworked, Nova Scotia drudge in "The Kidnappers."

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★

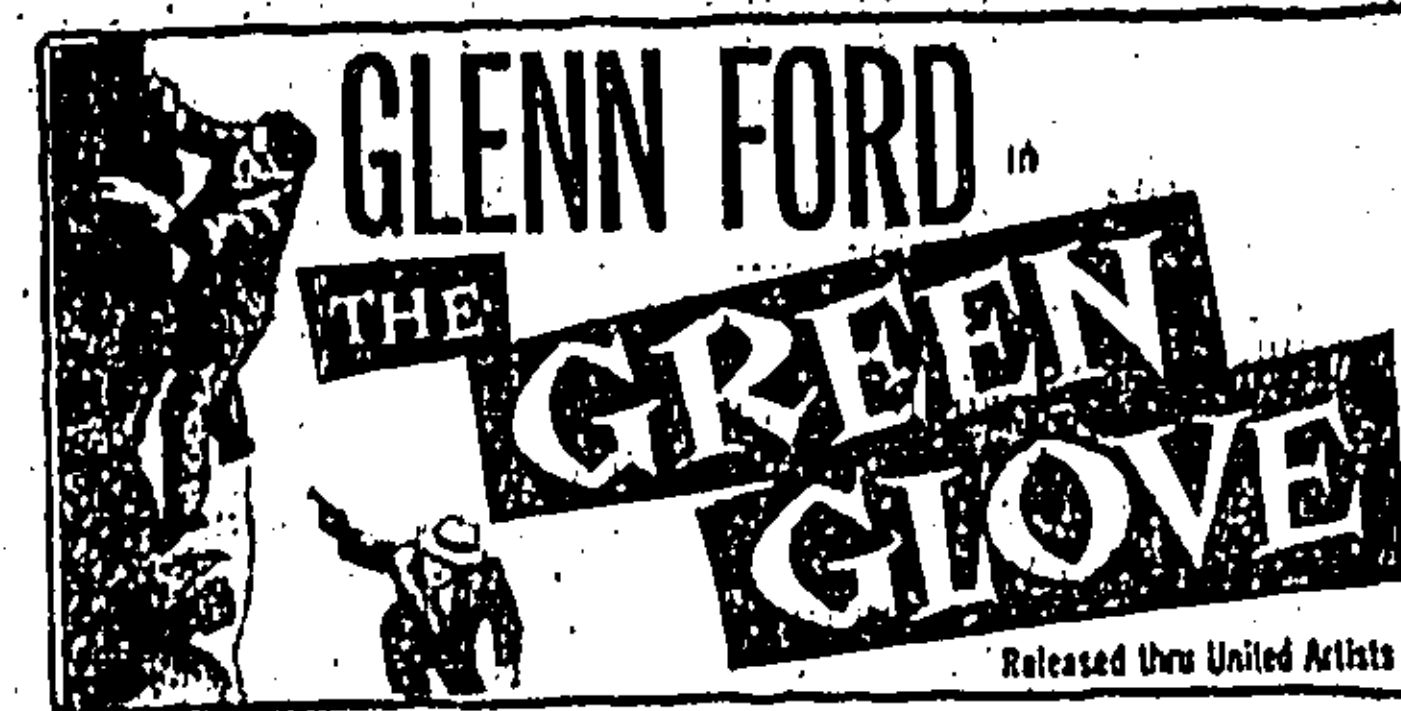


5 SHOWS TO-MORROW

Extra Performance At 11.30 a.m.

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P.M. ONLYAT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20
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EMPIRE TO-MORROW

EXTRA MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.

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TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

Admission \$1.50 and \$1.00.

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Morning Show To-morrow
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Morning Show To-morrow
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Columbia presents
"3 STOOGES COMEDY
& COLOUR CARTOONS
PROGRAMME"

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Woman Wins Christendom's Most Ancient Order Of Chivalry

Gracious and soft-spoken Mrs William Van Horne has been invested with Christendom's most ancient order of chivalry. At a recent investiture in Ottawa, the young Montreal woman became Canada's first Dame of the Sovereign and Military Order of Malta.

The Canadian charter for the order was granted only in January of this year, on application signed by the Rt Hon. Thibaudau Rinfret (Knight of Malta).

Origin dates back to the middle ages, and to the crusades, but its present day operations include the maintenance of a fleet of air-borne ambulances, leper hospitals, orphanages, and hostels in dozens of countries.

The beginning of the order is found in a special papal bull issued by Pope Paschal II and dated 1113, but there are historical references to the establishment of the first hospital at the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem in 1050.

The care of pilgrims to the Holy Land was the first purpose of the organization. Because of the violence of the day, and particularly the threat from hostile Saracens, it became necessary to defend the hospitals in a military sense. Thus, armed units of Knights were formed to defend and protect the houses where pilgrims were sheltered. This gave the order its military aspect, and placed it in the early ranks of chivalry among the crusaders.

When Jerusalem fell, the order moved to Acre. It was driven out in 1291 when Acre fell to the Saracens, and re-established at Cyprus, and later on the island of Rhodes where the temporal sovereignty of the order was established, and continues to the present day.

ADDITIONAL TITLE

In 1530, the Knights re-established their dominion on the island of Malta, which had been granted by Charles V. At that time, they added the title of Knights of Malta to their full name of "Knights

Hospitallers of Saint John of Jerusalem."

In the pages of the order's history are the accounts of many amazing deeds. The Knights who had the personal responsibility of caring for the sick were obliged by their rules to provide better food for their patients than they had at their own tables. It was served from solid silver plates, and the word "guarantine" originated with them. At that early date, they placed only one patient in each bed, at a time when it was the custom to place two or three in a bed. They nursed the insane, who would normally have been thrown into prison. They covered the walls of hospital wards with magnificent tapestries. The Knights had their own currency and fleets of ships.

FOUNDED UNIVERSITY

They founded the University of Malta, and provided hospital in their own castles in various parts of Europe for pilgrims who were travelling toward the Holy Land. At the present time, the order has associations in Great Britain, France, Spain, Ireland, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy and in both North and South America. It has diplomatic representation and issues its own passports.

Mrs Van Horne who is commander-in-chief in Canada of the volunteer auxiliary corps which is now being formed, has three objectives for the corps in this country. The first is to provide volunteers who will drive the sick to hospitals for treatment. The second is to assist immigrants, and the third is to collect clothing for redistribution among the needy.

Mrs Van Horne is keenly interested in her task. She is a gentle and kind woman who has had experience as a Red Cross "volunteer-in-uniform" during World War II, and with the Junior League of Montreal. She was born in Boston, and graduated from Loretto College at the University of Toronto. She has travelled extensively in Europe and has been to Moscow and Leningrad.

Mrs Van Horne takes a keen interest in art, having inherited the famous Van Horne collection of old masters from her grandfather-in-law, the late Sir Williams Van Horne, in whose Sherbrooke Street residence she continues to reside.

The thick grey-stone walls of the old mansion have not kept out the urgent appeal for assistance and comfort from those who are in need of a helping hand and kindly heart. Her sympathy and kindness have been captured by the work which is crying to be done in this field.

Mrs Van Horne is a tall slender woman, with fair hair, a serenely lovely face and serious, thoughtful eyes. Her main interest at present is to establish the volunteer corps of men and women for the Knights of Malta. The shortest possible time, and to devote her energies to work which is centuries old, but always new in its urgency.—United Press.

Backseat Driver With A Licence

By Harman W. Nichols

Washington. I was in a state of nervousness, so I went down and applied for membership in a society known as "State of Nervousness, Inc."

I now am listed as No. 31,144 in the Society's Bureau of Insanity.

The card I received entitles me to all of the privileges of a backseat driver. Since Mama does most of the driving in our family, this is going to grant me "legal" liberties I never had before.

"I had to pass a nervousness test and I did pretty well. An experienced nerve expert put me in the back seat of his car and drove around a spell. This was B.C.—Before Cars."

would act as usual a nervous wreck, fit for the crazy ward. I was puffing. My heart sounded like Mickey Rooney playing rat-a-tat-tat on his snare drum. Having passed my exam with fluttering colours, I got my card which entitles me to a licence to "operate, dominate, intimidate or control the steering of a motor vehicle."

So from the rear end of the car I have been driving. Mama doesn't like it, but when I wail out my licence what can she do—wheel me to the gaol-house?

The conversation coming to town one morning went something like this: "I think I'll stir up an anglefoot cake this afternoon," said Mama. "Watch what you're about to stir up there in front!" I said.

FREEDOM HOUSE FOR ESCAPEES

Kaiserslautern, Germany. A door into a free life for Russians and other East bloc nationals fleeing to the West was opened here in the form of a "Russian Freedom House."

The new centre for escaping and Communist Russians, including former Red Army members, will be a temporary house for the men until they can stand on their own feet and make a living, either by emigrating abroad or settling in Germany.

The event marks a new attitude in the United States aid for refugees: Instead of charity, the refugees are given an opportunity to find work and earn money to enable them to find their way back to normal life.

As soon as they found work and a home, they leave Freedom House to make room for other jobless and homeless escapees.

Those who want to emigrate, have opportunities to work in American Army installations and learn English.

TYPICAL CASE

Nikolai Koticov, 30, one of the first group of Russians arriving at the house is a typical case.

The short dark-haired Russian was sentenced to 10 years in a labour camp on political charges and for collaboration with the German Army in 1945. Four years later he broke out of the prisoner's camp at Cherson, in the Ukraine, where some 750 slave labourers were kept.

Nikolai, whose parents were also political prisoners in a Ukraine camp, headed West. On foot and by train he made the trip to Kiev and to Poland, where he was helped by Ukrainian and Polish friends. He then turned South into Czechoslovakia, as the Polish-German border was too well guarded.

Czech policemen arrested him again after he told them a story of being a Russian of Czech descent, going home to the town where his mother was born. He stole bicycles and sold them in other towns, to get money for train tickets to the East German border. By way of East Germany he finally reached Hof, a West German border town, exactly one month after leaving Cherson.

Nikolai, now married to a German wife and father of a one-year-old daughter, has found work here at an American Army workshop as a locksmith.

He said he plans to stay in Germany.—United Press.

Babies Get New Safety Jacket

Buffalo, N. Y.

A local pediatrician has developed a "dinner jacket" which he believes will reduce incidence of accidental injury and death among small children.

The doctor designed the simple jacket to prevent his own children from falling. It is now being sold nationally.

The safety jacket is modelled after hospital restraining jackets, but it is more comfortable. It is sleeveless and buttons down the front. Attached at both sides of the waist of the jacket are two strings long enough for tying to crib sides, the back legs of a high chair, or the metal frame of a baby carriage.

The jacket can be made at home of three-fourths of a yard of almost any heavy material and five large buttons.—United Press.

But Do They Bite?

Jackson, City, Tenn. Don Landis and H. A. Irish told a city court jury their dogs couldn't have bitten a cat—noise ordinance. Their dogs, they said, had been "debarbed" by surgery.

Jury listened, then presented favourable decision after the two dogs sat through the whole proceeding without barking once.—United Press.

ELUSIVE DREAM

Milan, Italy.

Personal independence is an elusive dream for most of Italy's white-collar business girls, a survey showed today.

Their pay, which averages 40,000 lira (\$64) per month, is small that they are unable to live away from home. They find, after spending eight hours a day, six days a week behind a typewriter or telephone switchboard, that they pay cheque will not keep them fed and clothed unless they live at home.

Those few adventuresome girls who attempt living away from home find that at least three-quarters of their monthly pay is required to pay the rent on any sort of suitable quarters. That leaves them just 10,000 lira (\$16) a month for clothes, food and entertainment. What with nylons costing \$2 a pair, there is no hope for any degree of luxury.

THE ONE AIM

A recent survey revealed that with living costs so high and wages so low, less than 20 per cent of Italy's working women live away from home.

The aim of almost all Italian girls, and their one hope for a measure of independence from their families, is to get married. And in the pursuit of a mate, they complain, fashionable clothes are a powerful weapon.

To most, such clothes are out of reach. In big firms, girls usually wear a simple black satin, long sleeved smock. It has become a sort of office-hours uniform.

Italian girls viewed with envy a group of American working girls who recently toured Europe on their savings.

"It would take an Italian girl months and months of careful saving to afford a trip from Milan to Rome," one Milan telephone operator said. "A trip abroad is completely out of the question."—United Press.

Camels Menace Airfield

Adelaide.

Camels are too much of a nuisance around the airfield at Marree in far northern South Australia.

The department of civil aviation decided to build a fence to keep out the roaming camels—descendants of those imported in Australia's pioneering days in the late 1880's to provide the first mode of transport in the "outback" regions.

The Marree camel fence, six feet high, will be 10,740 feet long—a lot of fence, considering only small commercial planes and the "flying doctor service" use the airfield.

Blast Furnace Is Safer Than Home

New York. Employees of United States Steel Corp. are three times safer around a blast furnace than near the kitchen stove, according to the company's safety department.

A survey showed that lost-time accidents during leisure hours outnumbered those on the job by a three-to-one ratio. U.S. Steel, the nation's number one producer, this year received the honour award from the National Safety Council for its record of only 2.17 accidents per million man-hours worked in all steel-producing divisions.—United Press.



Maurice Clare

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2 recitals at the

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NOV. 24 & 25 at 9.30 p.m.

Admission: \$10, \$6 & \$3.50.

"Bikiniism" Arouses Red Wrath

Vienna.

Communist Poland is waging a new campaign of "liquidation" against root suits, doggy haircuts, thick crepe-soled shoes and kindred capitalist dangers.

Zoot suiters are spreading "degenerate forms of the American way of life" through Poland, according to the Warsaw newspaper Tygodnik Demokratyczny.

The subversive new movement is known as "Bikiniism" and its adherents as "phenants."

"Ridiculous creatures" known as phenants, causing disgust and aversion, can be seen in the streets, the newspaper said in a stern editorial received here.

Strong public protest has forced many youths back into normal dress, it said, but "bikiniism has not yet been completely liquidated, and a continuous struggle against it must be waged."

Tailors, barbers and cobblers were warned not to cater to requests for "degenerate" suits, haircuts and shoes.

"The short, extremely narrow trousers and the characteristic bikini jackets are not manufactured by the state clothing industry," the newspaper said.

"It also demands that people shoes on extremely thick soles, two or three times thicker than ordinary shoes. These effects are acquired by bikiniists from independent shoemakers and tailors."

Barbers too have been guilty, it said, because "it is difficult to suppose that the elaborate apple-like style of hair-dress is made by the bikiniist himself."—United Press.

Hats To Aid Identification

Hartford, Conn.

Detectives are helping holdup victims put the finger on their assailants by putting hats on rogues' gallery photographs.

Along with other law enforcement agencies, the Hartford police department has put into use the Reeves Hat Identifier.

Invented by Frank Reeves of Louisville, Ky., the device employs small reproductions of head wear ranging from home-burgs to uniform caps. They are so mounted that they can be put over pictures of criminals to give the effect that the suspect is wearing a hat.

Capt. Joseph Macdonald said Reeves originated the idea after watching victims of holdups and muggings go through hundreds of pictures and then throw up their hands in disgust because they couldn't make identification of hatless suspects.—United Press.

Soft Soap Not Enough

Logan, Utah.

Louie Guinn was clean but his getaway wasn't. That's because he tried literally to soft soap his way out of Cache County Gaol.

Guinn tried to slither through the narrow gaol bars by lathering himself with soap. But he got caught at the hips. Officers took a clue from Guinn's technique and tried using more soap to get him back into the cell. But it was no soap.

Hacksaws were too slow, and after three hours a welding torch finally cut through the bars.

Guinn said he wanted to leave his cell just to get a sack of tobacco.—United Press.

Chile's Population On The Increase

Sanitago, Chile.

The government announced that Chile's population increased by more than 18 per cent in the past 12 years, to a total of 5,930,809, according to final figures of the census taken last year.

The previous census, taken in 1940, showed a total of 5,023,030, or 907,779 under the 1952 figures.

The new total includes 87 members of the garrisons of bases built by Chile in the Antarctic territories it claims.—United Press.

Filler Facts

Fish flour has been considered as a possible substitute for milk in countries where cows are scarce, reports the National Geographic Society. Odorous and tasteless when properly prepared, it can be used in biscuits, soups or mixed corn meal.

The wild barrier islands of South Carolina's coast have a storm-warning system of their own. When mariners hear a big bull alligator howling in August or September, long after the autumn mating season, they believe he is predicting a hurricane roaring up from the Caribbean.

After Argentina and China, the state of Mississippi grows more tung nuts than any other place in the world. In 1952, the state produced 60,000 tons of the valuable oil-bearing nuts which brought growers more than \$8,000,000.

It is safe to hold a queen bee in your hand as the queen bees use their stings only on other queen bees.

A jack rabbit can run as fast as a good race horse, often obtaining speeds up to 45 miles an hour.

Eight North American animals hibernates during the cold winter months. These are the jumping mouse, badger, bat, gopher, woodchuck, chipmunk, raccoon and bear.

Heights Of Emotion—Depths Of Experience—The Screen Has Never Dared Before!



FROM HERE TO ETERNITY

DEBORAH KERR, FRANK SINATRA, DORIS MEREDITH, BOB HOPE

TO ETERNITY

DEBORAH KERR, FRANK SINATRA, DORIS MEREDITH, BOB HOPE

ETERNITY

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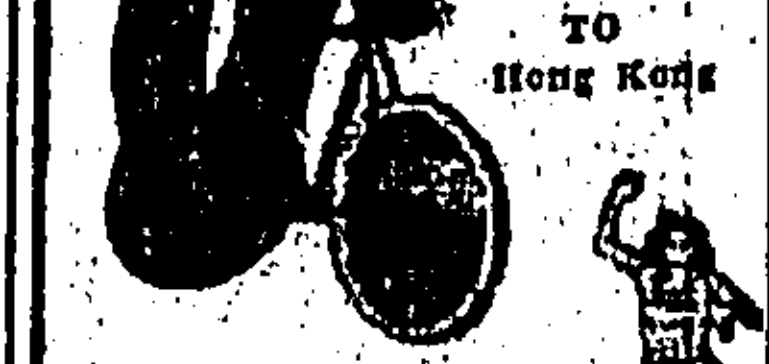
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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



THE Duke of Edinburgh chatting with Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery at the Alamain Reunion at the Empress Hall, London. Viscount Montgomery was commander of the victorious Eighth Army, which drove Rommel from Africa and started a series of Allied successes that led to final victory.



WHEN Lt-Col James Carne, of the Glorious Glosters, attended an investiture at Buckingham Palace to receive from the Queen the VC and the DSO, Pte George Wood, one of his men just home from a Korean prison camp, smuggled himself into the Palace so that he could be the first man to congratulate his CO. (Express)



THE QUEEN, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, visited the BBC television studios at Lime Grove a few evenings ago and, to the surprise of the staff, knighted Mr George Barnes, Director of Television. It was Her Majesty's first visit to Lime Grove. Her Majesty is seen talking to comedienne Sally Barnes after the show.



THE circus visited the Connaught Hospital, Walthamstow, the other day. Some of the children could not leave their wards, so the llamas were brought to them. Picture shows one of the small patients, with the help of the clowns, making friends with one of the animals. (Express)



DOCTORS are worried that another smog disaster might hit London this winter. Last December it killed 4,000 people and made many thousands seriously ill. If another smog arrives, they want everyone to wear a simple gauze filter such as these two girls are demonstrating. (Express)



PROFESSOR Chao Shao-an, considered China's greatest contemporary painter of birds and flowers, and the pupil who became his wife, Mrs Lydia Chao. She has just joined him in London, where an exhibition of their work held at the Marlborough Gallery has aroused great interest. Mrs Chao's home is Hongkong, and her children are going to school here. (Express)



MISS Margaret Gibson, 24-year-old model, is described as "the girl with the loveliest figure and legs in London." She has been chosen to open the fashion show which the Top Ten couturiers are giving for the Queen Mother on November 19. She is seen with Czech violinist, Jan Lensky. (Express)



MR Adolph Zukor, 80-year-old American film magnate, with his wife and daughter, Mrs Walter Beck, at Claridge's. Known in Hollywood as "Mr Movies," Mr Zukor flew to Britain to attend the Royal Film Performance of "Rob Roy," starring Glynis Johns and Richard Todd. (Express)

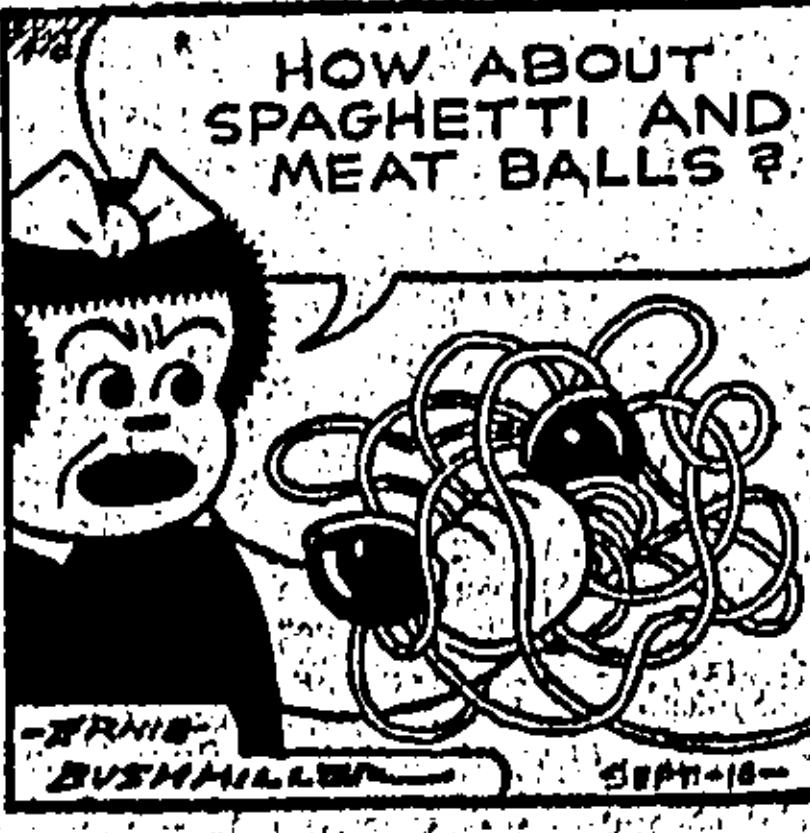
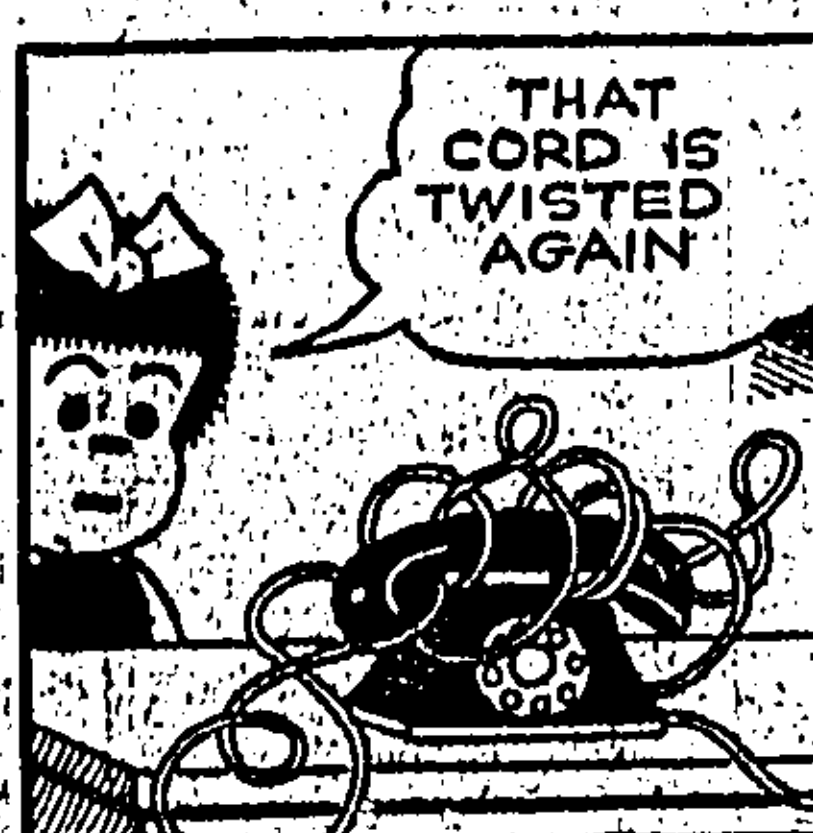


I prefer
NESTLÉ'S

NANCY

Power Of Suggestion

By Ernie Bushmiller





"If we had a State Opening of Parliament back home, at least our cops'd let us throw ticketape." London Express Service

THE STRANGEST 'FINISHING SCHOOL' OF ALL WELCOMES THE SHY YOUNG GIRL FROM LONDON

Next Six Months For The Princess

SYDNEY SMITH reports from Paris

THE Royal Family of Europe is having a family gathering in Paris to welcome and indoctrinate into the manners of its grand and gracious fold a simple and pretty young English girl of 16—named Alexandra.

The Duchess of Kent has left her daughter Alexandra in Paris for a six months' grooming—finishing her education as a future stand-in for Princess Margaret's official duties.

The chateau

ALEXANDRA, who the British Embassy insists has no more than her £40 allowance, will move from a flat where she has been staying with a Paris dress-maker friend of the Duchess, to an ugly and austere modern chateau 12 miles outside Paris.

There she will live with a family that is in a direct line of descent from King Louis Philippe, who ruled France from 1830 to 1848. Its chief is the Pretender to the throne of France, Henri of Orleans, Count of Paris.

The comment in Paris today is that the pretty and rather shy young Princess from England is going to the best finishing school in Europe.

For the count's chateau—it is really not much more than a large manor in rather revolting Anglo-Norman style, with five acres of gardens and 25 rooms—houses a family that is the most remarkable mixture of autocracy, blue blood, and democracy you could ever find.

The family

SO first meet the family! The Pretender, slim, dark, handsome, and intelligent, 43 years old, would indisputably be the heir to the throne of France—if there was one.

His family tree glitters with Hapsburgs, Hanovers, Battenbergs, Orleans—Parras, and Braganças.

His dark, handsome wife Isabelle, is his cousin. She is Portuguese daughter of Pierre II, last Emperor of Brazil.

Now for the first time since 1940 the count's whole family of 11 children, from six-year-old Prince Thibaud to 20-year-old Princess Isabelle, are united in one home.

And the count, an exile from France until the United Nations Charter of Human Rights brought him back in 1950, his

brought up his family as princes and princesses—schoolgirls and boys—a united family that could well be the envy of any ordinary middle-class home.

What kind of day-by-day family life will Princess Alexandra see in the next six months?

Well, nine of the children are still ordinary day scholars at French schools in Paris, travelling, satchels on shoulders, by bus and tram every day.

The two eldest, Princess Isabelle and the 10-year-old Dauphin Henri, who has his Bachelor's degree in Political Science, are continuing their post-graduate courses under the royal instruction of the Pretender.

Every evening when all 11 are back home they are gathered together for two more hours of teaching under the sternest yet the gentlest instructor they know—the Pretender himself. And Princess Alexandra will be there.

Much in common

THERE will be gymnastics three times a week—and that goes for the whole family. Each session lasts two hours, with the count

Princess Alexandra, lithe and athletic, will almost certainly enjoy these sessions, which are not too solemnly conducted.

Her best friend for the next six months will undoubtedly be the dark and lovely 20-year-old Princess Isabelle of Paris, the count's eldest daughter. She has won her Doctorate in Philosophy, going to college by bus.

Alexandra will have much in common with Princess Helene of Orleans, just a year older. Their chief talking topic? Music.

Princess Alexandra may find herself taking some interest too in the 10-year-old Dauphin Henri. He will be the first young man she has ever met on close and regular terms—and he is as handsome as his father.

Perplexing

THE Princess's first week in Paris probably was a pretty perplexing one. The royal family circle in which she has mixed has included:

1. Queen Frederika, her second cousin, and King Paul of Greece.
2. Ex-Queen Alexandra of Yugoslavia, who through the Mountbatten family is related to the Count of Paris and herself.

3. Prince Paul and Princess Olga of Yugoslavia. Prince Paul, a leading society figure in Paris, and the count's best friend, was once criticised for his relations with the Nazis during the war. Through the Duchess of Kent, Princess Alexandra is his niece by marriage.

And she has read in French newspapers how her mother, the Duchess of Kent, and King Paul of Greece, the Count of Paris and Queen Alexandra of Yugoslavia went to a cinema within the same 24 hours in which King Peter of Yugoslavia demanded a divorce from his queen.

But if Princess Alexandra is bewildered for a while in her new home she will find a warm sympathiser in Dauphin Henri, who once told his professor: "The story of my family is more complicated than history."

HOME, SWEET HOME IS FAR FROM PANMUNJOM

By RUSSELL SPURR

PANMUNJOM. FOUR sweating Indian soldiers held down the struggling Chinese soldier. "To Formosa," he screamed. "Send me to Formosa."

The Indians grabbed his arms and legs to prevent him reaching the Communist "explainer" officer.

"Comrade Mao Tse-tung welcomes you back to the Fatherland. You have nothing to fear," said the Communist officer. "To Formosa," screamed the prisoner. He lunged towards the table. The Indians had to fight to hold him back.

SCREAMS, THUMPS

Screams and thumps rose from the other tents as Red Chinese officers described the joys of the Communist homeland. And the two tented compounds at Panmunjom shuddered under the latest desperate attempt to persuade the 22,000 captured Communist soldiers to return behind the bamboo curtain.

HAVING spent so much time in Majorca and Minorca this autumn, it seems appropriate that Granada should be next on the list.

This Granada, however, is in Tooting, S.W., and its general manager, Kenneth Brierley, D.F.C., takes me gently to task for my grumbles about the modern cinema.

Come to Tooting, begs Brierley, and see our glories. Says he:—

JUDGE for yourself whether our foyer reflects defeat and shabbiness:—

With all that going on in the foyer it will be a wonder if MacColl ever penetrates the auditorium—where, I am assured, ice-cream is sold only under cover of darkness.

Extra slacks for Customs?

FLYING into London Airport from Malta the other day, I caused stratospherically raised eyebrows when I told officials that I had £18 in sterling on me. Surely, I said, coming from another part of the Sterling Area, I could properly bring this in with me?

Both men were tired and pale. Sweat gleamed on their faces. Neither seemed inclined to break off the inquisition.

An American observer began to protest. A Swiss member of the neutral observer team joined in.

The prisoner had been grilling long enough, they maintained.

"Why go to Formosa?" asked the Communist wearily. "You will only be lost when we stamp out that hornet's nest."

ORDERED HALT

The prisoner painfully raised his head. "Formosa, Formosa," he groaned.

The Indian chairman made up his mind. He ordered a halt after four hours and twenty minutes. The longest explanation ever held in Panmunjom.

The Communist officer made the routine protest. He gave one last look at the prisoner and lit a cigarette.

The sagging man was helped out of the hut. He could hardly walk but in the doorway he turned and spoke.

It strikes me as preposterous to talk about "the British way of life," as certain excited men in public affairs sometimes do.

And since the last war I regret to see that our generals have slipped into the imitative habit of talking about "our boys" when what they mean is our troops.

For "know-how" we have a perfectly good word in "skill," and what's wrong with "now" instead of the pompously cumbersome "at this time"?

I can only hope that "girls" does not become as widely misused on this side of the Atlantic as "boys." Keeping a straight face was for me a major operation in America whenever I heard a portly, sixtyish matron gaily addressing her contemporaries with: "Now, how about another drink, girls?"

Come to the show, he says

THE AMERICANS HAVE A WORD FOR IT... SO HAS RENÉ MACCOLL

(a) It is quite beautiful, designed by Komisarjevsky and recently decorated by a famous West End firm.

(b) There is at present a replica of the Festival Gardens clock which is attracting enormous crowds.

(c) There is a grand piano and artist to entertain those arriving and departing.

(d) When "c" is not happening, three concealed loudspeakers quietly flood the foyer with light and good music from long-playing gramophone records.

(e) Frequently there are exhibitions of paintings, photographs, or other interesting displays. Just now there is a small stage on which a conjurer performs tricks of magic.

Give us all the details you can—date, place—and we'll do our best to remedy matters.

Lastly: The new vanity

OVERHEARD in the motor-boat section of the Motor Show, where one firm not only puts up a card saying its boats have been sold, but proudly names the buyer: "Oh, look dear—if you buy one of those boats they will put your name up! Do buy one!"

Not so. With a deft flick of his fingers an official removed eight of my pounds. Now I am in the middle of a stately correspondence with the authorities about it.

I refer to my "seized" pounds. They speak, very gently, of "your pounds that were taken up."

If they decide to hang on to them, I gather that my eight smackers will go to something called "Appropriations in Aid."

In aid of what? Why, of the Customs and Excise. Yes, MacColl may yet find himself paying for a new pair of trousers for one of those jolly chaps who wield the chalk.

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MY LIFE STORY

If it hadn't been for a woman I would never have made Hollywood. I might still have been a San Diego oil-truck driver humping drums of oil and grease into filling-stations ten hours a day for £10 a week.

And I don't get any false ideas about it. I quite liked the job. I was a mighty fine truck driver. I was 18, I had just failed to make the grade to get into university, and I wanted money.

The truck job paid well enough to let me buy a jalopy, and I had a lot of fun running around the Californian countryside in my spare time. And there were prospects.

The big guy at the depot thought I was good. He said: "Son, you're doing all right. Stick in and one day you'll get a gold watch like me for 25 years' service, and be earning \$300 a month." That sounds funny now as I write this at a Louis Quinze table in a £50 a week Paris hotel suite. In front of me is the prospectus of my own oil company.

But it was a prospect 19 years ago when I was 18. I slaved at the job. I had about 40 customers to serve. Every quarter of a mile or so I used to find my next customer and dump a drum of oil or grease or both. Every day I had to go back to the depot to reload to finish the round.

I took about \$5,000 a day. Each evening before I finished I had to make out my report and cash in. You got promotion on the quality of your reports. Mine were good. Old "Gold Watch" said so.

Then I met Betty. She was dark-haired, blue-eyed and pretty. She was my first serious date. Betty liked the old jalopy ride, but she had ambitions for me that I never thought about.

"Greg," she would say, "why don't you snap out of it. You're too good to be just a truck driver. Why don't you try for the university?"

It Paid Off

SHE kind of wore on me with the idea. I knew her family well. Her Mum and Dad were grand people and they held open house for the young folk. I was great chum with Betty's brother.

Then began one of the most curious of courtships. After tea hours with the truck, I'd want to put my feet up and rest.

in the easiest chair. But Betty, lovely daughter of a tutor, would say: "Come on, Greg; let's hit the books." And so, in the living-room, with the others chattering around, or in the kitchen, some-where, for a bit of peace, I would come up on modern European history, sociology, or my most hated subjects, physics.

While others were necking on the back porch, Betty and I dissected Balkan dynasties, and I began to nod off to sleep. Betty would shake me out of it, put me in the hardest chair, and brew up some black coffee.

These sessions often went on until the early hours of the morning and sometimes we were still fighting questions and answers when dawn broke and we could switch off the light.

I paid off, as Betty said it would, and I got my entrance to

By

GREGORY PECK

the University of California. Bless the girl, she was one of God's gifts to mankind. She never knew that her very interest in my future was putting me out of her life, and if she had I don't think it would have made any difference. After I got to university we drifted slowly apart. Our letters got rarer and rarer. But I shall never forget that it was Betty, my first sweetheart, who literally kicked me in the pants, out of a 20 dollars a week truck driving job into university, and on the way to Broadway, Hollywood, and the big money.

I saw Betty not long ago. She is happily married and has a lovely family. But she frowns at my success on the films. She still encourages me as the doctor, the lawyer, or the great engineer she saw in the boy nineteen years ago in the old frame house in San Diego.

Not many people know that I was christened Eldred Gregory Peck when I was born 37 years ago at La Jolla, a lovely little Californian seaside resort about ten miles north of San Diego. I never got on with "Eldred" and when I was nineteen and signing the register at university, I switched my Christian names and conveniently forgot

something a 12th. dory. It was quite a ship, although we had to modify our ideas about sails and make do with a lateen.

Young as we were, we did the thing properly. First, we sawed the timber into lengths, warped the boards, and built according to the pencilled plan of an old boatbuilder. Wood, tar, and hemp cost us about \$10.

We bought this out of our pocket money, 20 cents a week, and some we earned by running errands.

Boyhood Thrills

JOHNNIE and I worked, often by the aid of flashlamps, hammering the nails and caulking the seams, and then one day the whole gang carried it down to the sea and pushed it in. It floated upright. We hoisted sail, and the warm summer breeze filled the lateen, and two small boys, bursting with pride, and to the shouts of most of young La Jolla, sailed the craft round the bay and back again. Unfortunately The Daisy, as we called her, had a short life.

Heavy seas tore her from the beach one night and pounded the dory to pieces.

That was the end of the Peck shipyard, but there was a lot of fun on the La Jolla beach while I remained at the little wooden schoolhouse. It is an exciting coastline. Small cliffs, deep caves, rocks and rock pools, and lots of golden sand. Summer days from May to October, and it is often warm enough to bathe at Christmas.

I could swim when I was four. One of our sports was fishing for abalone, a big clam-like shell fish which adheres strongly to rocks. We used to dive down to the rocks armed with a motor tyre lever and wrench the large shells from their anchorage. We imagined we were pearl divers. In fact, the inside of the abalone shell is covered in mother-of-pearl, and the shells are valued as decorations. The fish is good eating, too.

I did build a boat, too, when I was nine. The boy next door, Johnnie Buchanan, and I spent one whole summer con-

structing a 12th. dory. It was quite a ship, although we had to modify our ideas about sails and make do with a lateen.

Nobody in the Peck household imagined my going on to the stage. Mother is an accomplished pianist, but there was no theatre in my background. Dad is a quiet, conservative type. He had the idea that I might become a doctor or follow him as a chemist, and I suppose that I accepted the idea gradually.

When I was struggling through the early days as a young actor, Dad used to advise me to throw it all up and take a steady job.

"Give up this acting business," he told me. "If you don't you'll be coming to me when you're 35 to borrow ten dollars."

I reminded him of this gently the other day when he came over to Britain to look up the Kerry side of the family.

"Well, anyway," he said, "I'll give you a beating at golf."

And he can too. He plays in the eighties and I find it hard to beat the hundred.

But there was a lot of cold common sense in what my old man told me. No one realises better than I do that I have been fortunate.

Out of every five who go on the stage only one is playing. Ninety-nine out of a 100 would be actors don't make the grade. There are a lot of broken hearts on the way to Broadway, and many disappointed souls washing dishes in Hollywood.

My advice to any mother who wants to put her daughter on the stage is, like that of the song, "Don't, Mrs Worthington... that is unless there is obvious talent in her, and you are prepared even then to see her break her heart."

Sporting Family

I've got three boys, Johnathan (6), Stephen (7), and Curcy (4). They're too young yet for me to think what they are going to be, but I shall not stand in their way whatever they want to do.

Maybe one will want to be an actor. I'll confess I've a croaking desire to see one of them pitching to win for the Yankees at the Yankee Stadium. Still...

There's a lot of sport in the Peck. Dad was a star basketball player at Michigan University and I once rowed in the pickle boat at Poughkeepsie. But that... is another story.

My parents were divorced when I was three, and for seven years I lived with my grandmother in a nice old frame house called "The Dovecot."

The people of La Jolla had a passion for naming their homes. I was born in "La o mi," which in Indian means "Welcome." It was a throwaway bungalow with a white strip of paint just under the roof and a white stone chimney.

Another of my early homes was called "The Silver Palm," but

there wasn't any palm that I can remember.

I still like the bungalow type of house, and my \$50,000 home in Hollywood is a low, rambling place filled with reproductions of period furniture. It only has a number on a boulevard.

I Took Pies

WHEN grandmother died 12 years ago, aged 92, she left a wonderful cook and I missed a grand person. Her influence on me in these early years probably had more than anything else to do with the moulding of Gregory Peck.

She was a short, stout and peppy person with silver hair and bright eyes. She was the fastest cooker of doughnuts I have ever known.

"Hungry?" she would ask when I came running in from the sea-shore to wring the salt out of my bathing slip and shake it out of my hair. In 15 minutes I was wolfing a plate of doughnuts. She was a fast worker and so was I. Her special dish was a thin pancake with home-made maple syrup. She told me that one day I polished off 50 pancakes at a sitting. I still love doughnuts, pancakes, and waffles, but they don't taste the same as grandmother's.

Woman's Exchange

IN La Jolla in those days there was a Woman's Exchange. It grandmother wanted a couple of dozen fresh tomatoes, or a dozen eggs, she would take along to the exchange one of her lemon meringues and swap it. One of my errands was to carry these cakes to the exchange for grandmother.

I need hardly tell you the rest. Imagine a small boy and a plump old lady, and a long walk to the exchange. The temptation was often too great. First one pie vanished, then another, and when I returned home and grandmother counted the tomatoes, she would fix me with those bright eyes and say: "Eldred, I lean over that chair!" For some years I wore the blue-grey school tunic and breeches and shiny peaked cap of the St. John's Military Academy at Los Angeles. I had now returned to my father's care. Here I was taught by the Sisters of Mercy. We drilled every day with wooden rifles and we got medals for proficiency.

Love Good Books

I GOT my share of these, but my interest was sport, and although I was never a top liner, always third best, I thrived on it. I got a hankering after journalism, too, at this time. We had a monthly magazine called the "Bugle Call" and I found myself editor.

My job was to write the leading articles and to keep contributors up to scratch. I remember writing a sententious article on keeping the campus tidy, and the value of esprit de corps. It was pretty lousy journalism but I guess I was learning to express myself.



The film star with no illusions

And I read books greedily. I hated to get to the end of such stories as King Arthur, Robin Hood, Tom Sawyer, Treasure Island, Robinson Crusoe, etc. I dramatised them as nowadays I dramatised my scripts.

Round about 12 I had a passion for the Tom Swift stories. He was the boy genius, perfect in everything—football, science, invention, and who always made the winning hit at ball games. Of course, I read Zane Grey, then I got to like Scott, Jane Austen, and the Brontës. This love of good books stays with me to this day.

I am on the mailing list for all the modern novels, and I hope no one will think me a prig when I say that I usually go on to the set with a slim volume of Dostoevsky, or some other classic author, in my pocket to read during the boring intervals between "shots."

At the moment I am reading "Idiot." Like Dickens the Russian has a wonderful power of characterisation and I find his stuff stimulating.

Dancing Lessons

I WAS quite a small chap when I went to San Diego High School at 14. I barely reached 5ft 4in. But in two years I shot up to my present height of 6ft 3in, and weighed 155lb. Today I am round about 180lb.

This rapid growth during my adolescence played havoc with my sport and I did hardly anything worth while at games although I began to fancy myself as an outdoorsman.

I also learned to dance. In my last year at High School I wanted to go to the school prom, quite the social event of the school season. But I was an awkward, lanky sort of fellow and I couldn't dance a step. I felt so strongly about this lack of social grace that I began to scan the dancing advertisements in the local newspaper. And then I saw it: "You can dance like Pavlova... ten lessons, 12 dollars."

In those days I got two dollars a week pocket money from my father which had to do for lunches as well, but I determined to have my dancing lesson.

During the holidays I earned money working for a big San Diego florist. I used to

borrow the old man's Nash and load it up with Easter lilies, bouquets, and wreaths to be delivered to the customers. Dad didn't know it but he also paid for the gasoline.

I got my twelve dollars and went for my ten lessons. To my horror I found that the dancing tutor was a man and we had to dance to gramophone music in a large studio. Disillusioned and disappointed, though I was, I must have made progress because I got a receipt for my twelve dollars which said that I could now dance!

A few girls at the prom, might have had other ideas but I didn't care because I was in the throes of my first brief love affair. She was one of the pupils at the school, a pretty, dark girl.

12 Brothers

I AM sorry I forget her name, but I shall never forget the reception committee when I arrived at her house carrying the invitation card and the customary corsage. There, lined up to give me the once-over, were her 12 brothers.

I graduated from High School with an insufficient pass to get me into university. Mathematics, which I heartily detested, and still do, let me down. At school I always did well in the subjects I liked, such as English, and I still thought of myself as something of a writer, but I had more or less made up my mind to become a doctor.

I went to San Diego State College for what you would call a cramming course to qualify for university entry but I didn't stick it long. I wanted to get out into the world and earn money. I wanted to travel to meet people, to see the world. So I quit school. I became a truck driver. I bought a Ford Roadster... and then I met Betty and switched back to school and university.

Gregory Peck

NEXT SATURDAY

My First Part As An Actor
—Then John As
A Barker And A Guide

Presenting the Tudor Oyster Prince

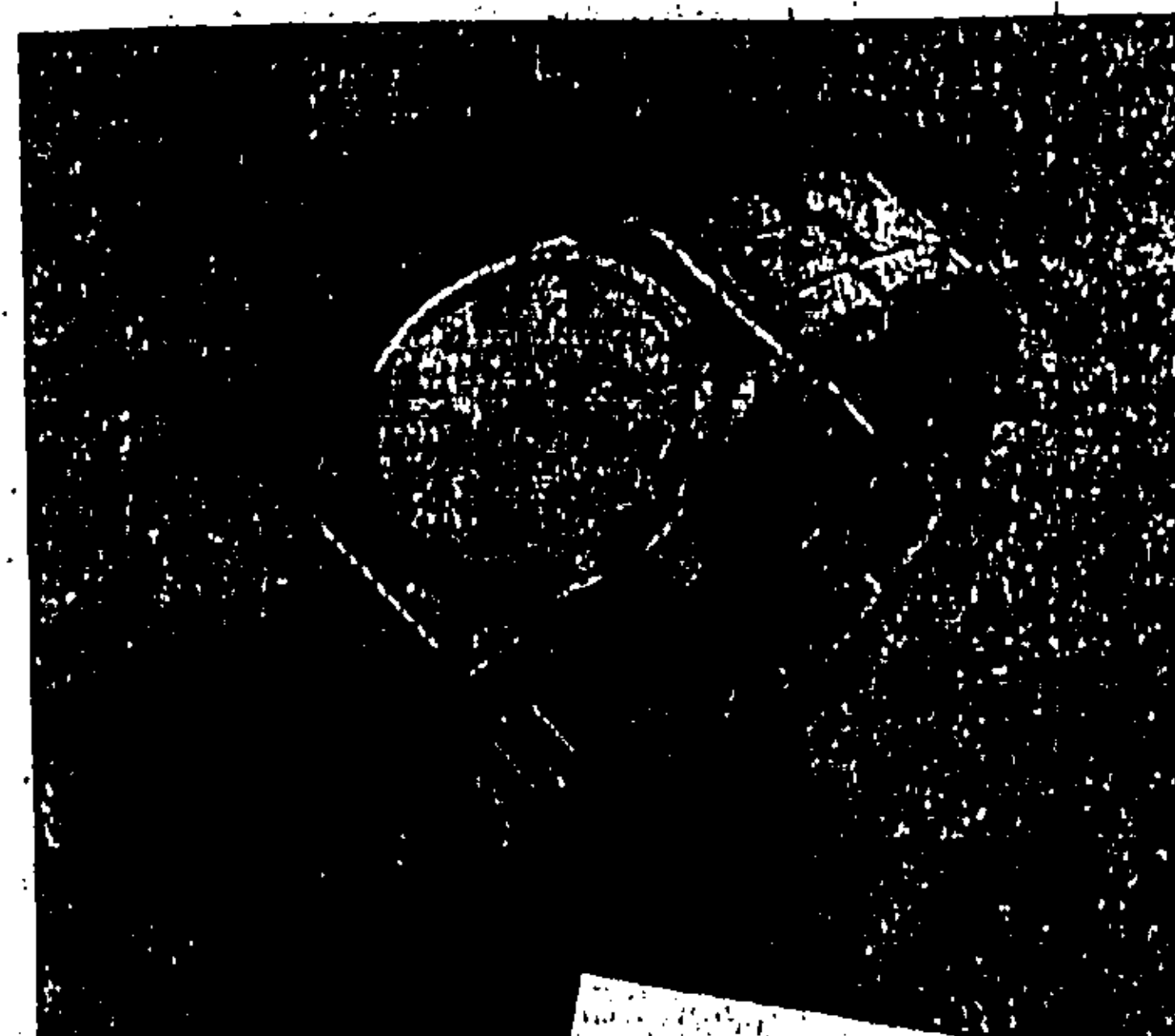
For the man whose purse is modest, yet whose aspirations are high, Rolex of Geneva have specially commissioned the Tudor Oyster Prince.

In many respects, the amazing Tudor Oyster Prince matches the most expensive wrist-watches. For Rolex of Geneva have endowed this watch with the famous Oysterwater-proof case and the infallible "rotor" self-winding mechanism.

Thus we have a magnificent watch, thoroughly waterproofed, automatically wound, yet priced at a moderate level.

Rolex of Geneva have submitted the Tudor Oyster Prince to the most rigorous tests ever devised for a self-winding wrist-watch. So impressive were the results of these tests, that it has been decided to make them the subject of a world-wide advertising campaign. The first advertisement in this series is reproduced below.

For those of your customers who look longingly at a Rolex Perpetual, but lack the means to buy one, show them the Tudor Oyster Prince. In its field, this is undoubtedly the finest watch Swiss skill and experience have ever produced. It is retailed to the public, as illustrated.



The Tudor Oyster Prince, sponsored by Rolex of Geneva. Water-proofed by the famous Oyster case, self-wound by the unique "rotor" mechanism, the Tudor Oyster Prince is the most outstanding wrist-watch for its price ever offered to the public.

This advertisement, the first of the new series, features the "Tudor of Destruction." Six Tudor Oyster Princes were worn, one after the other, by a workman who spent a total of 30 hours operating a pneumatic drill. As the chisel of the drill bit into granite, each watch suffered over 1,000,000 tremendous shocks. Yet the Tudor watches emerged unharmed and still running perfectly.



TUDOR
Oyster Prince

Suntanned Boy

NOT very long ago I was ultimately trying to fly-fish an expensive stretch of water in Hampshire. I had with me the costliest equipment the latest in fly rods, and the most elegant of flies.

"What's the matter, Greg?" asked my host, "Dreaming?" "I am afraid I am," I told him, "dreaming of a very small fish with a piece of string and a borrowed cod hook."

I drowned my flies in the Hampshire stream and caught no

fish. There's a lot of sport in the Peck. Dad was a star basketball player at Michigan University and I once rowed in the pickle boat at Poughkeepsie. But that... is another story.

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I still like the bungalow type of house, and my \$50,000 home in Hollywood is a low, rambling place filled with reproductions of period furniture. It only has a number on a boulevard.

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"Hungry?" she would ask when I came running in from the sea-shore to wring the salt out of my bathing slip and shake it out of my hair. In 15 minutes I was wolfing a plate of doughnuts. She was a fast worker and so was I. Her special dish was a thin pancake with home-made maple syrup. She told me that one day I polished off 50 pancakes at a sitting. I still love doughnuts, pancakes, and waffles, but they don't taste the same as grandmother's.

And he can too. He plays in the eighties and I find it hard to beat the hundred.

But there was a lot of cold common sense in what my old man told me. No one realises better than I do that I have been fortunate.

Out of every five who go on the stage only one is playing. Ninety-nine out of a 100 would be actors don't make the grade. There are a lot of broken hearts on the way to Broadway, and many disappointed souls washing dishes in Hollywood.

My advice to any mother who wants to put her daughter on the stage is, like that of the song, "Don't, Mrs Worthington... that is unless there is obvious talent in her, and you are prepared even then to see her break her heart."

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TRIUMPH AND TRAGEDY

PREFACE

THIS Volume concludes my personal narrative of the Second World War. Between the Anglo-American landings in Normandy on June 6, 1944, and the surrender of all our enemies fourteen months later, tremendous events struck the civilised world. Nazi Germany was crushed, partitioned, and occupied; Soviet Russia established herself in the heart of Western Europe; Japan was overwhelmed; the first atomic bombs were cast.

In this, as in earlier Volumes, I have told the story as I knew and experienced it as Prime Minister and Minister of Defence of Great Britain. I have relied, as before, on the documents and speeches composed under the daily ordeal, in the belief that these give a truer picture of what happened at the time than could any after thoughts. The original text was completed nearly two years ago. Other duties have since confined me to general supervision of the processes of checking the statements of fact contained in these pages and obtaining the necessary consents to the publication of the original documents.

I have called this Volume "Triumph and Tragedy" because the overwhelming victory of the Grand Alliance has led so far to bring general peace to our anxious world.

Chartwell, Westham, Kent.
September 30, 1953.

WINSTON S. CHURCHILL

Chapter 1.—The Tide Of Victory. D-Day Caught Germans By Surprise

OUR long months of preparation and planning for the greatest amphibious operation in history ended on D-Day, June 6, 1944. During the preceding night the great armadas of convoys and their escorts sailed, unknown to the enemy, along the swept channels from the Isle of Wight to the Normandy coast. Heavy bombers of the Royal Air Force attacked enemy coast-defence guns in the concrete emplacements, dropping 5,200 tons of bombs. When dawn broke the United States Air Force came on the scene to deal with other shore defences, followed by medium and fighter-bombers. In the 24 hours of June 6 the Allies flew over 14,600 sorties.

So great was our superiority in the air that all the enemy could put up during daylight over the invasion beaches was a mere hundred sorties. From midnight three airborne divisions were alighting, the British 6th Airborne Division northeast of Caen to seize bridgeheads over the river between the town and the sea, and two American airborne divisions north of Carentan to assist the seaborne assault on the beaches, and to check the movement of enemy reserves into the Cotentin peninsula. Although in places the airborne divisions were more widely scattered than had been intended, the object was in every case achieved.

AS dawn came and the ships, great and small, began to file into their pre-arranged positions for the assault the scene might almost have been a review. Immediate opposition was limited to an attack by torpedo-boats, which sank a Norwegian destroyer. Even when the naval bombardment began, the reply from the coastal batteries was desultory, and ineffective. There was no doubt that we had achieved a tactical surprise.

Landing and support craft with infantry, with tanks, with self-propelled artillery, and a great variety of weapons, and engineer demolition teams to deal with the beach obstacles, all formed up into groups and moved towards the beaches. Among them were the D.D. (swimming) tanks, which made their first large-scale appearance in battle. It was

still very rough from the bad weather of the day before, and a good many of the swimming tanks foundered on the way. As soon as the foremost infantry got ashore they dashed forward towards their objectives, and in every case except one made good progress. On "Omaha" beach, northwest of Bayeux, the Vth American Corps ran into severe resistance. By an unlikely chance the enemy defences in this sector had recently been taken over by a complete German division in full strength and on the alert. Our Allies had a very slight fight all day to make any lodgment at all, and it was not until the 7th day, after losing several thousand men, they were able to force their way inland.

AT noon on June 6 I asked the House of Commons to "take formal cognisance of the liberation of Normandy by the Allied Armies under the command of Gen. Alexander," the news of which had been released the night before. There was intense excitement about the landings in France, which everyone knew were its progress as the campaign in Italy minutes to the campaign in Italy and in paying tribute to the Allied Armies there. After this keeping them on tenterhooks for a little I said:

I have also to announce to the House that during the night and the early hours of this morning the first of the series of landings in force upon the European continent has taken place. In this case the liberating assault fell upon the coast of France. An immense armada of upwards of 4,000 ships, together with several thousand smaller craft, crossed the Channel. Massed airborne landings have been successfully effected behind the enemy lines, and landings on the beaches are proceeding at various points at the present time.

So far the commanders who are engaged report that everything is proceeding according to plan. And what a plan! This vast operation is undoubtedly the most complicated and difficult that has ever taken place. It involves ideas, winds, waves, visibility, both from the air and the sea standpoint, and the combined employment of land, air, and sea forces in the highest degree of intimacy and in contact with conditions which could not and cannot be fully foreseen.

The battle that has now begun will grow constantly in scale and in intensity for many weeks to come, and I shall not attempt to speculate upon its course. This I may say, however, complete unity prevails throughout the Allied Armies. There is a brotherhood in arms between us and our friends of the United States. There is complete confidence in the Supreme Commander, Gen. Eisenhower, and his lieutenants, and also in the commander of the Expeditionary Force, Gen. Montgomery.

By the afternoon I felt justified in reporting to Stalin. Everything has started well. The mines, obstacles, and land

batteries have been largely overcome. The air landings were very successful, and on a large scale. Infantry landings are proceeding rapidly, and many tanks and self-propelled guns are already ashore. Weather outlook moderate to good.

His answer was prompt, and contained welcome news of the highest importance.

I have received your communication about the success of the beginning of the "Overlord" operations. It gives joy to us all and hope of further successes.

The summer offensive of the Soviet forces, organised in accordance with the agreement at the Tehran Conference, will begin towards the middle of June on one of

the important sectors of the front. The general offensive of the Soviet forces will develop by stages by means of the successive bringing of armies into offensive operations. At the end of June and during July offensive operations will become a general offensive of the Soviet forces.

I shall not fail to inform you in due course of the progress of the offensive operations.

I WAS actually sending Stalin a fuller account of our progress when his telegram arrived. Prime Minister to Marshal Stalin, June 4.

I am well satisfied with the situation up to noon today, 7th. Only at one American beach has there been serious difficulty, and that has now been cleared up. Twenty thousand airborne troops are safely landed behind the lines of the enemy's lines, and have made contact in each case with the American and British seaborne forces.

We got across with small losses. We had expected to lose about 10,000 men. By tonight we hope to have the best part of a quarter of a million men ashore, including a considerable quantity of armour (tanks), all landed from special ships or swimming ashore by themselves.

Most especially secret. We are planning to construct very quickly two large synthetic harbours on the beaches of this wide, sandy bay of the Seine estuary. Nothing like these has ever been seen before. Great ocean liners will be able to discharge and run by numerous piers supplies to the fighting forces. This must be quite unexpected by the enemy, and will enable the build-up to proceed with very great independence of weather conditions. We hope to get Cherbourg at an early point in the operations.

We hope that this successful landing and the victory of Rome, of which the fruits have still to be gathered from the cut-off Hun divisions, will cheer your valiant soldiers after all the weight they have had to bear, which no one outside your country has felt more definitely than I.

Since dictating the above, I have received your message about the successful beginning of "Overlord" in which you speak of the summer offensive of the Soviet forces. I thank you cordially for this. I hope you will observe that I have never asked you a single question, because of your full confidence in you, your nation, and your armies. He replied:

I repeated this at once to Roosevelt. Stalin telegraphed again on June 11:

As is evident, the landing, conceived on a grandiose scale, has succeeded completely. My colleagues and I cannot but admit that the history of warfare knows no other like undertaking from the point of view of its scale, its vast conception, and its masterly execution. As is well known, Napoleon in his time failed ignominiously in his plan to force the Channel.

The hysterical Hitler, who boasted for two years that he would effect a forcing of the Channel, was unable to make up his mind even to hint at attempting to carry out his threat. Only our Allies have succeeded in realising with honour the grandiose plan of the forcing of the Channel. History will record this deed as an achievement of the highest order.

The word "grandiose" is the translation from the Russian text which was given me. I think that "majestic" was probably what Stalin meant. At any rate, harmony was complete.

LET us survey the enemy's dispositions and plans as we now know them. Marshal Rommel, who had been in command of the whole Atlantic Wall, from the Low Countries to the Bay of Biscay, and thence along the southern French shore. Under him Rommel held the coast from Holland to the Loire. His divisions held the sector about Calais and Boulogne, and his Seventh Army had nine infantry and one Panzer division at hand in Normandy. The 10 Panzer Divisions on the whole Western Front were engaged from Belgium to Bordeaux.

How strange that the Germans, now on the defensive, made the same mistake as the French in 1940 and dispersed their most powerful weapon of counter-attack!

When Rommel took up his command in late January he had been displeased with the defence he found, and his energy improved them greatly. Along the coast there was a line of concrete works with all-round defence, many mines and difficult obstacles of various patterns, especially below high-water mark. Fixed guns pointed seawards, and field artillery covered the beaches. While there was no complete second line of defence, villages in rear were strongly fortified.

Rommel was not content with the progress made, and had planned to make a last-minute task would have been harder. Our opening bombardment by sea and air did not destroy many of the concrete works, but by stunning their defenders reduced their fire and also uprooted their Radar.

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THE serviceable ones were deceived by the device of tin foil strips known as "Window," which simulated a convoy heading east of France, and they thus failed to detect the real landings. One piece of equipment near Caen managed to keep going and discovered the approach of the British force, but its reports were ignored by the plotting centre, as they were not corroborated by any of the other stations.

Nor was this the only menace which was overcome. Encouraged by their success two years before in concealing the passage up the Channel of the Seaboard and Genset, the enemy had built many more jamming stations for thwarting both the ships which directed our night fighters and the Radar beams upon which many of our forces depended for an accurate landing. But they too were discovered, and Bomber Command made some highly concentrated raids upon them. All

were obliterated, and our radar and Radar aids were secure. It may be mentioned that all the Allied effort in the radio war for D-Day was British.

It is indeed remarkable that the vast long-planned assault fell on the enemy as a surprise both in time and place. The German High Command was told that the weather would be too rough that day for amphibious operations and had received no recent air reports of the assembly of our thousands of ships along the English shore.

Even after we had landed, uncertainties continued. Hitler lost a whole critical day in making up his mind to release the two nearest Panzer divisions to reinforce the front. The German Intelligence Service grossly over-estimated the number of divisions and the amount of suitable shipping available in England. On their showing, there were ample resources for a second big landing; so Normandy might be only a preliminary and subsidiary ploy.

On June 19 Rommel reported to von Rundstedt "... a large-scale landing is to be expected on the Channel front on both sides. Of Cap Gris-Nez or between the Somme and Le Havre," and he repeated the warning a week later. Thus it was not until the third week in July, six weeks after D-Day, that reserves from the Fifteenth Army were sent South from the Pas de Calais to join the battle.

Our deception measures both before and after D-Day had aimed at creating this confused thinking. Their success was admirable and had far-reaching results on the battle.

ON June 10 Gen. Montgomery reported that he was sufficiently established ashore to receive a visit. I therefore set off in my train to Portsmouth, with Smuts, Brooke, Gen. Marshall, and Adm. King. All three American Chiefs of Staff had flown to London on June 8 in case any vital military decision had to be taken at short notice. A British and an American destroyer awaited us. Smuts, Brooke, and I embarked in the former, and Gen. Marshall and Adm. King, with their staffs, in the latter, and we crossed the Channel without incident to our respective fronts.

Montgomery, smiling and confident, met me at the beach as we scrambled out of our landing-craft. His army had already penetrated seven or eight miles inland. There was very little firing or activity. The weather was brilliant. We drove through out limited but fertile domain in Normandy. It was pleasant to see the prosperity of the countryside.

The fields were full of lovely red and white cows basking or parading in the sunshine. The inhabitants seemed quite buoyant and well nourished and waved enthusiastically. Montgomery's headquarters, about five miles inland, were in a chateau with lawns and lakes around it. We lunched in a tent looking towards the enemy. The General was in the highest spirits. I asked him how far away was the actual front. He said about three miles. I asked him if he had a continuous line. He said "No." "What is there then to prevent an incursion of German armour breaking up our luncheon?" He said he did not think they would come.

The staff told me the chateau had been heavily bombed the night before, and certainly there were a good many craters around it. I told him he was

taking too much of a risk if he made a habit of such proceedings. Anything can be done once or for a short time, but custom, repetition, prolongation, is always to be avoided when possible in war. He did in fact move two days later, though not till he and his staff had had another dose.

It continued fine, and apart from occasional air alarms and anti-aircraft fire there seemed to be no fighting. We made a considerable inspection of our limited bridgehead. I was particularly interested to see the local ports of Port-en-Bessin and Ouistreham. We had not counted much on these little harbours in any of the plans we had made for the great decision. They proved a most valuable acquisition, and soon were discharging about 4,000 tons a day.

We were soon out of danger and passed through the enemy's anti-aircraft lines. This is the only time I have ever been on board one of his Majesty's ships when she fired "in anger"—if it can be so called. I admired the Admiral's sparkling spirit. Smuts too was delighted. I slept soundly, on the four-hour voyage to Portsmouth. Altogether it had been a most interesting and enjoyable day.

At our train we found the three American Chiefs of Staff. They were highly pleased with all they had seen on the American beaches, and full of confidence in the execution of our long-cherished design. We dined together in a happy mood.

DURING the dinner I noticed Gen. Marshall writing industriously, and presently he handed me a message he had written to Adm. Mountbatten, which he suggested we should all sign.

"Today we visited the British and American armies on the soil of France. We sailed through vast fleets of ships, with landing-craft of many types pouring men and more men, vehicles, and stores ashore. We saw clearly the manoeuvre in process of rapid development. We have shared our secrets in common and helped each other all we could.

We wish to tell you at this moment in your arduous campaign that we realise that much of this remarkable technique, and therefore the success of the venture, has its origin in developments effected by you and your staff of Combined Operations. Arnold, Brooke, Churchill, King, Marshall, Smuts, Mountbatten must indeed have valued this tribute. The vast intricate operation, with all its novel and ingenious devices, could not have been achieved without the Combined Operations headquarters of all three Services, which had been created in 1940 under Adm. Keyes, and had been carried by his successor to full fruition.

(Continued on Monday)



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A FLOP?Just a year ago General Eisenhower was elected U.S.
President. The Democrats called his team of Republican
business men "Government by Millionaires." How is it
working? Here is an authoritative American assessment

by JOSEPH C. HARSCH

the well-known broadcaster and Washington
correspondent of the Christian Science MonitorWASHINGTON. THERE is trouble in
Washington. The
Eisenhower Govern-
ment is creating the impres-
sion you would expect of a
football team made up of
tennis, golf, and chess stars.These men were all stars
in their own previous ac-
tivities, but they never played
in any team.And to several of them, by
their own admission, the dis-
covery that government is not
business was as startling as a
child's discovery that the pretty
red stuff on the hearth hurts
when you touch it. They didn't
know it was like that.

But not yet

FOR 20 years they had been
telling each other that "a
few sound business principles"
applied to "that mess in Wash-
ington" would soon put the
whole thing straight.They were going to put an
end to all nonsense and red
tape, stop the wasting of public
money, restore the dollar to
soundness, and give American
people clean, honest, efficient
government. And it was all to
be done promptly.Well, unfortunately, it hasn't
worked out that way, yet.Not that it won't come out all
right in the end. It very well
may.But here are some of the
things that have happened in
the meantime.Joseph Dodge, former bank
president and director of many
big companies including Chry-
sler Motors, came to the Bureau
of the Budget from Detroit,
Michigan. He was going to
balance the Federal Budget on
the Republican theory that its
unbalance was due to Demo-
cratic incompetence in money
matters.Well, the Budget isn't in
balance. By admission it will
not be balanced next year.

A warning

THERE is still some hope that
it can be balanced in the
third year of the Republican
restoration — but that prospect
depends on lucky breaks not yet
assured.Charles E. Wilson, former
president of General Motors
and as such the highest paid
man in the U.S.A., came to the
Department of Defence from
Detroit to cut out "waste" in
the armed services without
sacrificing military strength.His first move was to "narrow
the mobilization base" which
means concentrating defence
contracts in a few "more
efficient" plants. Shortly there-
after a fire at his own General
Motors provided a warning
example of what "narrowing
mobilization base" could do. In
time of war, the fire knocked
out the only General Motors
plant manufacturing automatic
transmissions.Under the Wilson policy there
will shortly be only one factory
manufacturing heavy tanks,
only one producing medium
tanks. And one A-bomb could
put the whole operation out of
business.Secretary of Commerce
Sincclair Weeks, director of com-
panies including Gillette Razor
Blades, came to Washington
from Boston, Massachusetts, toreopen the way for private
initiative in the business world.
One of his first acts was
to sack the director of the
Bureau of Standards, Dr. Allen
V. Astin. Under Astin this
bureau had refused to find that
a certain chemical composition
offered for the market as a life-
lengthener for car batteries
actually did batteries any good.
The scientists took to the barri-
cades in defence of Astin.

A switch

WHEN the smoke of battle
cleared Dr Astin was back at
the Bureau of Standards and
Craig Sheffer, a subordinate
millionaire under Mr Weeks who
had initiated the sacking of
Astin, was himself back at his
fountain-pen factory.George Humphrey, an out-
standing business tycoon, came
to Washington from Cleveland,
Ohio, to manage the Treasury
and "restore soundness" to the
dollar. His first move was to
raise the interest rate on Gov-
ernment bonds. A shudder
went through the whole vast,
complex credit structure of the
country.Within days the Federal Re-
serve system had to take action
to ease the supply of credit.
This was a resort to a New Deal
device high on the forbidden
list of pre-January business
millionaires.Earl Tarr Benson, not a
millionaire but well off, came to
Washington from Salt Lake
City, Utah, to manage the De-
partment of Agriculture and
persuade American farmers that
rugged individualism was better
for them than farm-price sup-
ports, another item on the pre-
January forbidden list.

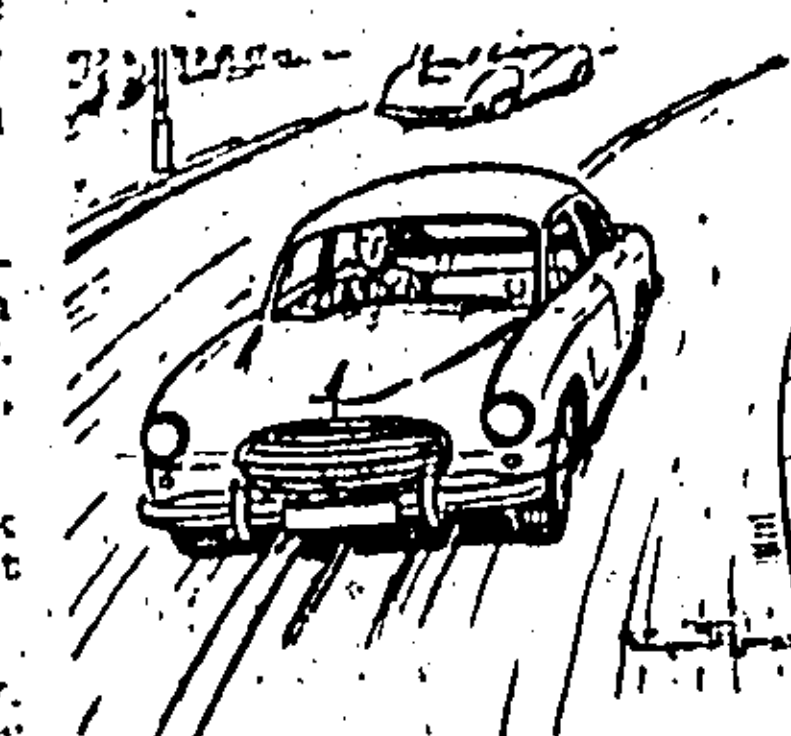
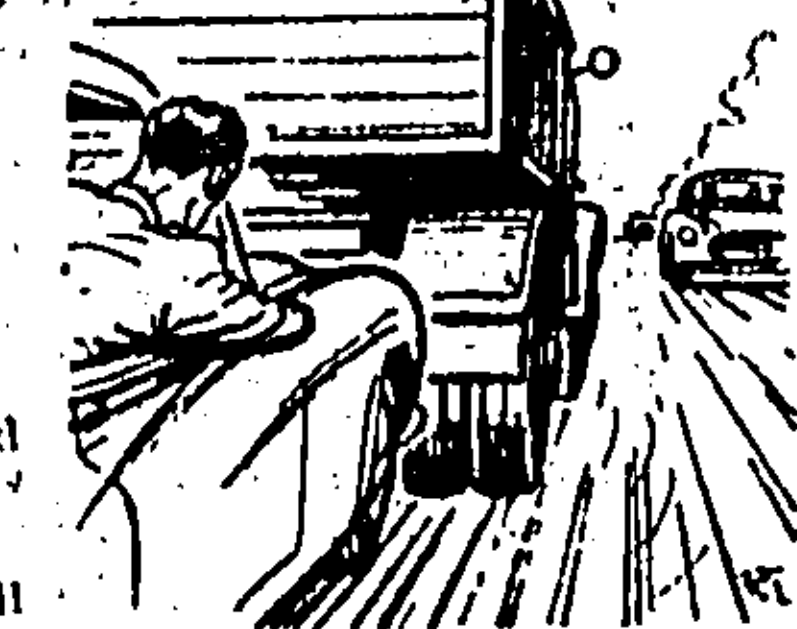
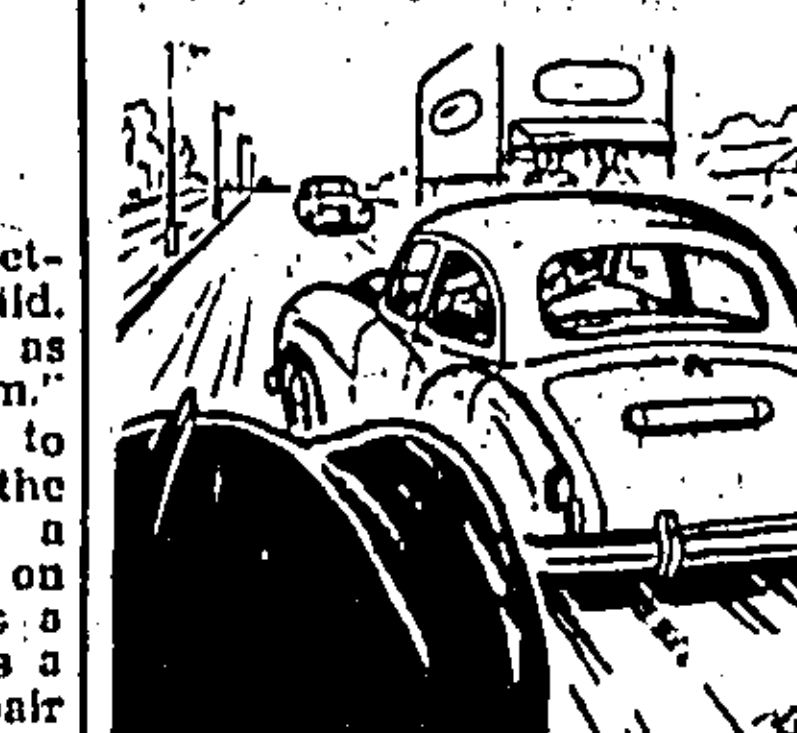
Price fall

LAST week, Republican
Senators and Congressmen
from the farm States jammed
the White House switchboard
with angry demands for Mr
Benson's resignation. For farm
prices have dropped seven per-
cent since the Republicans took
office.Benson is actually spending
more money supporting farm
prices than his predecessors,
but he does it grudgingly and so
gets the blame for price declines
which are probably not his
fault.There is another "side" to the
story. Attorney-General Herbert
Brownell is doing a quiet and
thorough job of improving the
standards of the Justice De-
partment. Robert Cutler is said
to have injected new high
standards of competence into
grand strategy work of the
National Security Council.
Secretary of State John Foster
Dulles is presently considered
here to be doing a good job in
foreign policy.

High marks

HOWEVER, at this interim
stage Mr Eisenhower's
millionaires have learned that
Congress isn't like a board of
directors; that in government
other things count besides
profits; that voters sometimes
care more about benefits than
economies.The trouble in Washington
isn't that the millionaires are
stupid, inefficient or incapable
of learning. They are not.
Some of the millionaires in
Washington are learning fast.
And they get high marks for
effort.They have already acquired
more humility. And less cer-
tainty that they came to the
Government equipped with busi-
ness experience with all the
perfect answers to all the
problems of our times.HOW
TO
DRIVE
A
CARHERE is a formula
for you. Stylish
driving = smooth-
ness + simplicity.Forget all those com-
plicated evolutions such as
double-declutching. What-
ever the Grand Old Men
say, they are not necessary
today unless your car is
very aged.Get in your car. Now
relax. No more hugging
the steering wheel; no more
clutching it with hands like
hamma. Get as far away
from the wheel as you can
with comfort.Caress it. Only gentle fin-
gers can feel a car's desires on
a bend or corner. Be master.
Control the car's tendencies,
but don't ignore them.Before you drive away, look
at your windscreen. Look at
those of other cars.Nine out of ten are filthy.
Dried rain spots, mud splashes
and all the rest distract the
eye, divert the attention and
at night break up oncoming
head-lighting into a confusing
dazzle.When driving remember your
gearbox. It is your best friend.Many motorists have an odd
idea that the less they use the
gears, the more they stay inARE YOU HOG,
SNOB—OR
A DANGER?

By MIKE HAWTHORN

The 24-year-old British racing champion
of 1953 gives all motorists the chance
to add professional polish to their drivingtop, the longer the car will
last. The opposite is true.How often have you laboured
up a hill, your car struggling?
Next time, change down. Your
speed will go up and the en-
gine will sing.Travelling at 40 to 45 miles
an hour, there's an obstruction
ahead... traffic lights, a
roundabout, a jam.The bad motorist keeps his
speed up and then brakes just
when he's got to. That isthere, change down again, and
your car is rolling along, its
engine turning strongly.If all goes well, you will
arrive as the way ahead is
clear; up you change and on
you go.You are back at your cruis-
ing speed in the shortest time,
and your brakes have not been
touched. That's an economy
which pays a dividend. And
if you have to brake, then it
will be a gentle affair.Don't wander over the white
line on a bend.wrong. Press down the clutch
pedal, give the accelerator a
little jab, and change down.
Feel that engine bite. It is
slowing the car down.If the lights haven't turned
to green, if the jam is stillMost people corner badly.
Bonds frighten them. Over the
white line they go, on to their
wrong side. So few drivers
have experienced the fun in
cornering well, although the
modern car makes it easy.Here is an exercise. Choose
a left-hand curve on a wide,
fast, dry road. Drive round it
as slowly as you like, so long
as your wheels stay just three
feet from the kerb the whole
time. Now do it again a little
faster. Repeat and repeat
pushing up the speed gently
each time.As you go faster, you will
find the steering wheel is be-
ginning to resist you, but so
long as your hands are gently
firm, there is no danger. It is
only when you want to strug-
gle with the wheel that you
must stop.I am not saying you must
take each bend at top speed.
But master this drill, and you
will take corners tucked into
your proper side, and your car
will not bully you on to the
crown of the road.Overtaking is an art so few
have mastered. Don't rush up
to the vehicle you want toDon't get up close behind the
lorry you want to pass.Hang back so you can
see the road ahead of it. Now
it is clear. Off you go, with no
hesitation.If you find trouble in pass-
ing, remember your gearbox.
One change down will give
you biting acceleration.When you are past, don't pull
in, missing the other man's
front wing by inches. That is
clumsy, boorish, and dangerous.
You may force the other
driver to brake, certainly to
slow down.Don't listen to the wirecreas
you tell you not to use your
horn. Use it readily, especially
when overtaking. There is no
need for a raucous bellow...
just an apologetic cough is the
thing. There's a wealth of
vocal expression in the cheapest
car horn.Overtaking involves signals.
To my mind there is far too
much incomprehensible hand-
slapping. But a hand signal is
better than a semaphore which
jams. And an eye on your
mirror and two hands on the
wheel are better than either.You must have met the
driver who pulls sharply into
his near-side when he is over-
taken.And you know the driver
who sticks out his hand and
swings in front of you.Neither knew you were
there. Neither used his mirror.
There is no poorer driver. SoDon't cut in like this... it's
boorish and bad driving.count a black mark from now
on every time you are surprised
at being overtaken.

THIS WEEK'S HOME-

WORK:—

1. Is hard braking your
automatic reaction in an
emergency?
2. In emergency do you forget
to use your gears?
3. In emergency do you stall
your engine?
4. Does headlamp dazzle
frighten you?
5. In emergency do you for-
get your mirror?
6. When you meet a smaller
powered car do you some-
times swerve off?
7. A laden lorry is coming
downhill towards you.
Would you insist on your
right of way?
8. You are still an average
driver.
9. Give yourself a small pat
on the back.
10. Move up into Form Three
for the next lesson.

NEXT WEEK:
Emergency! night, fog and
greasy roads.'DON'T LET'S BE BEASTLY TO THE GERMANS...'
AND NOW THE RUSSIANS
ARE SAYING IT

By William Hamsher

HAVEN'T the Russians de-
cided not to be beastly
to the Germans? They are
emptying the prison camps.
They are sending home
Hitler's thugs, the S.S. Black
Guards.They are sending home
the police troops who herded
the slave workers back into
Germany to keep Nazi war
factories at full pitch. They
are sending back the Panzer
grenadiers who nearly took
Stalingrad. It seems they are
sending back Field-Marshal
Friedrich von Paulus, cap-
tured at Stalingrad. They
are sending back Hitler
Youths, some of whom, un-
repentant after ten years as
prisoners, asked me on their
first night in Germany why
they were received with
hymns when they wanted
the brass bands welcoming
them to play Deutschland
über Alles.

No Clear Answer

At Friedland camp on the
British zonal border I watched
generals and privates lined up
to get bowls of potato soup, or
to see the doctor, or to get a
brand-new identity card. Not
one of the dozens I asked could
give a clear answer to this
question:—"Why have the Russians
chosen just this time for the big
homecoming?"
The generals and the privates
agreed that the Russians had no
need to do it. For all the
thousands now returning home
to Germany are in the Sovietcategory of "major criminals."
I found none with any sentence
under 25 years. All of them
believe, of course, that they
were unjustly accused. But they
concede the Russians were
within their rights as conquerors
in handing out sentences.Not one among the dozens to
whom I talked is prepared, now
that he is at last back home, to
speak kindly of the Kremlin.
Let's have a little roll-call
among the homecomers.Nazi Party member Heinz
Grosse, from East Prussia, first
lieutenant captured at Staling-
rad: "If there had been any
let-up at the end, one good slap-
up feed, a tour of Moscow
before we came home, then we
might all have said, 'At least it
ended well.'"For Grosse it counts nothing
that the Russians knocked 21
years off his 25-year sentence.
Of his trial and accusation all
he would say was: "My crime
it seems, was that I fought at
Stalingrad."Another one who will never
trust a Russian is Otto Jähring,
a policeman from the Rhineland,
also sentenced to 25 years in
the Soviet Union for "opera-
tions against partisans."
Said Otto: "I made up my
mind to try to stick it until
1955, then kill myself... The
food was terrible. A cupful of
cereal, a pound of black bread,
an ounce of thinned meat a day
plus potatoes."Next, Adolf Reinhardt, Panzer
captain from Hamburg: "TheRed Army guards behaved bet-
ter after Stalin died," he said.
"They seemed freer, easier, as
if a burden had gone from them."
When they finally decided to
send the German home, the
Russians even humoured a
group of officers who went on
strike refusing to accept as a
parting gift from their guards a
new grey suit each and a pair
of yellow shoes.But the strikers found their
departure was not delayed as a
punishment. The train for the
Friedland left on time.What they objected to was the
condition attached to the gift:
that the suit must not be worn
inside Russia — apparently so
that the Russians should not
think the Germans were being
treated better than they — but
must be worn in East Germany,
so that the East Germans living
under Red rule should not think
that Russia was sending Ger-
mans home looking shabby.

Maybe a prelude

In Bonn officials know nothing
of any significance in the
Russian decision to free the
prisoners.Maybe it is a prelude to a new
peace treaty with East Germany
and for an East German national
army.And von Paulus? The 63-
year-old Field-Marshal, who
joined the "Free German Com-
mittee" in Moscow after being
seized at Stalingrad, was given a
small house in Moscow. He was
allowed to visit the theatre,
his family in the Rhineland,
and send them watercolours he
had painted. Now he is in East
Berlin. And his family waits
and hopes for news that he, too,
is joining the trek of released
men.

JOHNNY HAZARD



By Frank Robbins

...this situation
calls for a
San
Miguel

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Hemlines Going Up In Spite Of Resistance

By GAY PAULEY

NEW YORK. **HEMLINES** are up and going higher — Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower and many other women to the contrary notwithstanding.

Christian Dior began the battle of the hemlines in late July with some skirt lengths 16 and 17 inches from the floor. Now that the dust has settled here is the whole hemline picture in a paragraph:

Skirts will be one inch to two inches shorter, than last autumn depending on whose labels you buy. By spring, you will see another inch chopped off.

Some designers confess that Dior infected them. Others snuff: "We shortened them before Mr. Dior even showed his line."

Mrs. Eisenhower said recently she was sticking to her current skirt lengths. Women who want to do likewise have three alternatives—let out hemlines of new clothes, wear last year's clothes, or buy from those designers who aren't shortening skirts.

THREE HOLD OUT

This anti-shortening group includes Hattie Carnegie, Sophie of New York, and Mainbocher. They all insist the hemline depends on the most becoming length to the individual.

But designer-by-designer, here is the hemline picture for autumn and winter lines already in the stores and with the spring lines on the designing boards (pay your money and take your choice):

CEIL CHAPMAN—Slightly shorter, "but none of the extremes of Dior."

OLEG CASSINI—13½ inches now, another inch off by spring.

JANE DERBY—14½ to 16 inches now, but "I hope we never got back to just below the knee lengths."

HARVEY BERIN—14½ inches now, one inch shorter than last autumn.

ELIZABETH ARDEN—15 inches now, ½ inch less than last autumn.

HANNAH TROY—14 to 15 inches now, one inch off.

IKE CLARK and **JUSTIN MCCARTY**, Dallas—Hemlines up a little. McCarty is making hemlines deeper, apparently so a woman can lengthen the skirt if she wishes.

RUTH FAIR, Dallas—One inch shorter.

EDITH HEAD, Hollywood—"Hemlines definitely higher, but the exact amount depends on the lines wearing them."

RARE COMMENT

Designer Claire McCardell made a comment rare among American designers who generally don't concede any pace-setting to Paris.

"Sure, I'm influenced," she said. "I'm making 'em shorter."

Whether her hemlines will go even higher by spring, she isn't sure.

"I don't like them too short," she said, "but, being in the fashion business, I won't make any rash promises."

Henry Rosenfeld, the nation's largest producer of women's ready-to-wear, said his line would be one and ½ inches shorter by spring.

"Sure, women will protest," he said. "But they don't mean it—women really like a change. If you remember, a lot of 'em yelled 'down with Dior' when he lengthened skirts in '47. But they went along—and liked it."

What Is The Value Of Your Job?

By ANNE HEYWOOD

"WHICH fields pay the most for beginner secretaries?" a reader wants to know.

The answer to the above question is simple.

In the long run, the field you like the best will pay you the most money. If you hate banking, you won't make money in the bank although the place may be simply crawling with it. If you truly love running an Old Ladies' Home, you will make money in it, even if your predecessor starved to death in a genteel way.

So a secretary is going to move ahead in, and therefore make money in, the field that she loves the best. In the very beginning—if one is shortsighted enough to think only of the very beginning—a safe rule of thumb is, the more glamorous the field, the more money will be the competition and the lower will be the pay cheque.

Another frequent query is: "Isn't it true that everybody judges your success in the job by the money you make?"

My answer here is a flat No. Some of the unhappiest, most neurotic and unsuccessful people in the world collect some of the biggest pay cheques. Nobody likes them, nobody admires them, and the only people who envy them are the ones who don't know them. People tend to judge your success in your job by your over-all approach to life, your degree of serenity, or its opposite, and by your degree of happiness or its opposite.

"Isn't it true," asks another reader, "that some companies which offer low salaries make up for it by other benefits?"

Yes, this is very true. Many firms offer lunches, hospitalisation and compensation benefits, even free tuition to employees who wish to further their education in the evening. The wise beginner will take these things into account in figuring the over-all financial value of any job.



ABOVE:—White satin cotton is chosen for this "sun-into-evening" dress, a model from Frederick Starke's new cotton collection. It is topped with a wrapper coat of grey cotton scored with music symbols.

BELOW:—A three-piece cotton outfit from Frederick Starke. It has a "pavement" check in blue and white. The playsuit is topped with a matching spencer jacket and full skirt.



Satin Cotton Among Smart New Prints For All Occasions

By DOROTHY BARKLEY

LONDON. DESIGNERS have been keeping a weather eye on styles for sun and rain.

Ideas for the sun took their cue from the Meteor Show. For, at the show, there is a type of car known as the "convertible". And the most popular style of sun dress in Frederick Starke's collection was the "convertible", with spencer jackets and coats serving as the drop-head coupe.

The aim is to make one cotton dress suit as many different occasions as possible. Take the two photographs as illustrations. If you like shorts, you choose a one-piece play suit, with cuffed bodice and skirt. Or the beach, you top it with a rib-length spencer and a full skirt.

The spencer jacket—normally a cold weather fashion—is making its first appearance in cotton just now. It makes a happy change from the cardigan, belted and comes which normally blazers out with cotton dresses.

If you prefer a dress to shorts, you choose one in the new cotton with a satin finish. For going out, you top it with one of the new print "wrapper" coats. To be really smart, you choose a "musical" print of the kind illustrated. It is grey cotton scored in white with musical symbols. Other new fashion colours are cucumber green and coffee.

The print coat was the smart wear earlier this year for Ascot

and Garden Parties. There are three reasons why more women are buying one now. It is cheap. It is made in easily washable cotton. And when you're tired of it—or the fashion fades—you can wear it as a housecoat without feeling that you're wasting money.

Accessories in the line, too. Shoes and gloves are made to match your dress or coat. Hip length beach coats have turn-up hems, three inches wide, and fastened at the front with a giant button. As necklines are scooped out, those who sun-burn easily would be wise to avoid them.

Rainwear has been inspired by Victorian styles. Star of last week's show was the raincoat copied from a Victorian night-shirt. It has a high collar, tucked

front, and full unbelted skirt. For those who want to complete the picture, it can be topped with a night-cap style hat.

Other raincoats were in bright colours. One was in a blazer striped material; another in a checked fabric—satin squares alternating with taffeta squares. All coats had big sleeves that would fit over a suit or coat, and big collars which you could turn up to stop the rain trickling down your neck from your umbrella.

There's a rash of hats in furry materials just now to keep us warm on cold days. Fine in the right colours on the right person—say in white on a dark-haired person. But why must mossy-haired people choose them in mossy colours? You just can't tell where the hat ends and the hair begins.

FIND OUT THE CAUSE OF YOUR UNDERWEIGHT

By Ida Jean Kain

THIN girls, weigh in... get ready to gain a round dozen pounds, all in the right places.

First find out what is back of your underweight. Is it lack of appetite or poor food habits? Or are you a calorie spender? It could be that you eat fairly well but squander calories at such an extravagant rate that you couldn't possibly eat enough to cover the cost. It takes high quality nutrition plus extra calories for gaining.

Poor appetite can result from a combination of things... chronic fatigue, faulty food habits, or irregularity of meal hours. If your energy is below par, and nothing seems to help you gain, drop into the doctor's office for a simple check-up. Some minor infection might be keeping you

dragged down. Or perhaps you are in need of more iron or a Vitamin B complex. Knowing there is no serious cause, underweight can be a tremendous morale builder. Some small change in your health and food habits can be the turning point toward normal weight.

On the nutrition score... Do you eat enough breakfast? The test is how you feel between 10 and 11 in the morning. On a good breakfast you should be going strong until lunch time. No appetite for breakfast is largely habit. Get up a bit earlier and take time to eat. Tomorrow morning have a hot cereal with milk and cream. In place of the usual two cups of coffee, have one cup and a glass of milk. Milk furnishes protein, and it's surprising the energy carryover that comes from increasing the protein at breakfast.



No breakfast a mistake too!

You won't believe it now, but before many weeks breakfast can be your favourite meal, and you'll relish... fruit juice, a small serving of cereal, an egg, buttered toast, and a beverage. With that nutrition you can skip the late morning pick-up that dulls your appetite for lunch.

If you buy your lunch, take advantage of the hot dishes offered. Get out of the sandwich, pie, and coffee rut. Plan to us your entire lunch hour to eat and relax afterwards... skip the hurried shopping.

If you carry lunch, vary the bread and sandwich fillings... to tempt appetite. When stomach capacity is small, the most comfortable way to increase calories is with concentrated foods that add little bulk. Use mayonnaise as well as butter on the sandwich, and take along mixed nuts, dates, or figs as well as a juicy piece of fruit. For beverage have milk if possible.

GIRLS, KEEP YOUR CHIN UP!

— Helen Follett —

DO you include your neck when you give your complexion a nightly application of cream? Possibly not! If you don't, then mend your ways.

Don't fall into the habit of thinking that your face and neck have nothing to do with each other. Don't stop coming to the chin. The safest way is to start your beauty treatment at the bone, working upward and outward.

It is easy enough for throat tissues to become relaxed, especially if the head is not held properly balanced. If the chin is permitted to droop, this happens with some typists and women who sew a lot. Keep your chin up and the tissues will be taut. If they have drooped, you may be in for trouble. Get busy unloosening and taping remedy this situation.

There are rollers, moulders, chin straps and bandages, all helpful in restoring a fine line to the chin. They don't help the neck any, however. If a chin strap is worn, it should be placed over a piece of gauze that has been dipped in an ice cold astringent. This will bring a glow to the flesh; will set as a restorative for a flaccid chin.

One well known beautician works on the customer's neck in this fashion: The patient's head is thrown back. One hand begins on the left side of the

throat, the other starts from the right. Both hands work upward, then down in long, smooth strokes to the collarbone.

Exercises that pull on the neck muscles are helpful in restoring youthful contour. Clasp your hands at the nape of the neck, press hard into the back of the neck. Turn the head from side to side. Still keeping the pressure right there, if you use enough energy you will feel a muscle tug from your neck way down into your chest and shoulders.

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ON the steps of St Teresa's Church, where they were married last week, Mr and Mrs Ferdinando Eduardo Hyndman pose for pictures with their parents and attendants. The bride before her marriage was Miss Maria Teresa da Roza. (Cambridge)



MR Mario E. Guillen, Panama Consul-General, and Mrs Guillen greeting the Hon. K. M. A. Barnett at the reception given at the Club Lusitano to mark Panama's National Day. (Staff Photographer)



OUTSIDE the Registry after their recent wedding: Mr and Mrs Eric Albert Fisher and friends. The bride was Miss Doris Mary MacDonald. (Ming Yuen)



LEFT: Picture taken on the occasion of the christening of Amanda Helen, infant daughter of Mr and Mrs E. J. G. Gauntlett. (Ming Yuen)



LEFT: Mr A. V. Lopes receiving from the Commissioner of Police, Mr A. C. Maxwell, a letter of appreciation for aiding the Police in the suppression of crime. Mr Lopes was one of 14 residents so honoured at a party held at the Central Police Station. (Staff Photographer)



PICTURE taken after the christening of little Alastair Lundie Gordon at St Teresa's Church last Sunday. Alastair, who was born on Coronation Day, is the son of Mr and Mrs A. L. Gordon. (Staff Photographer)



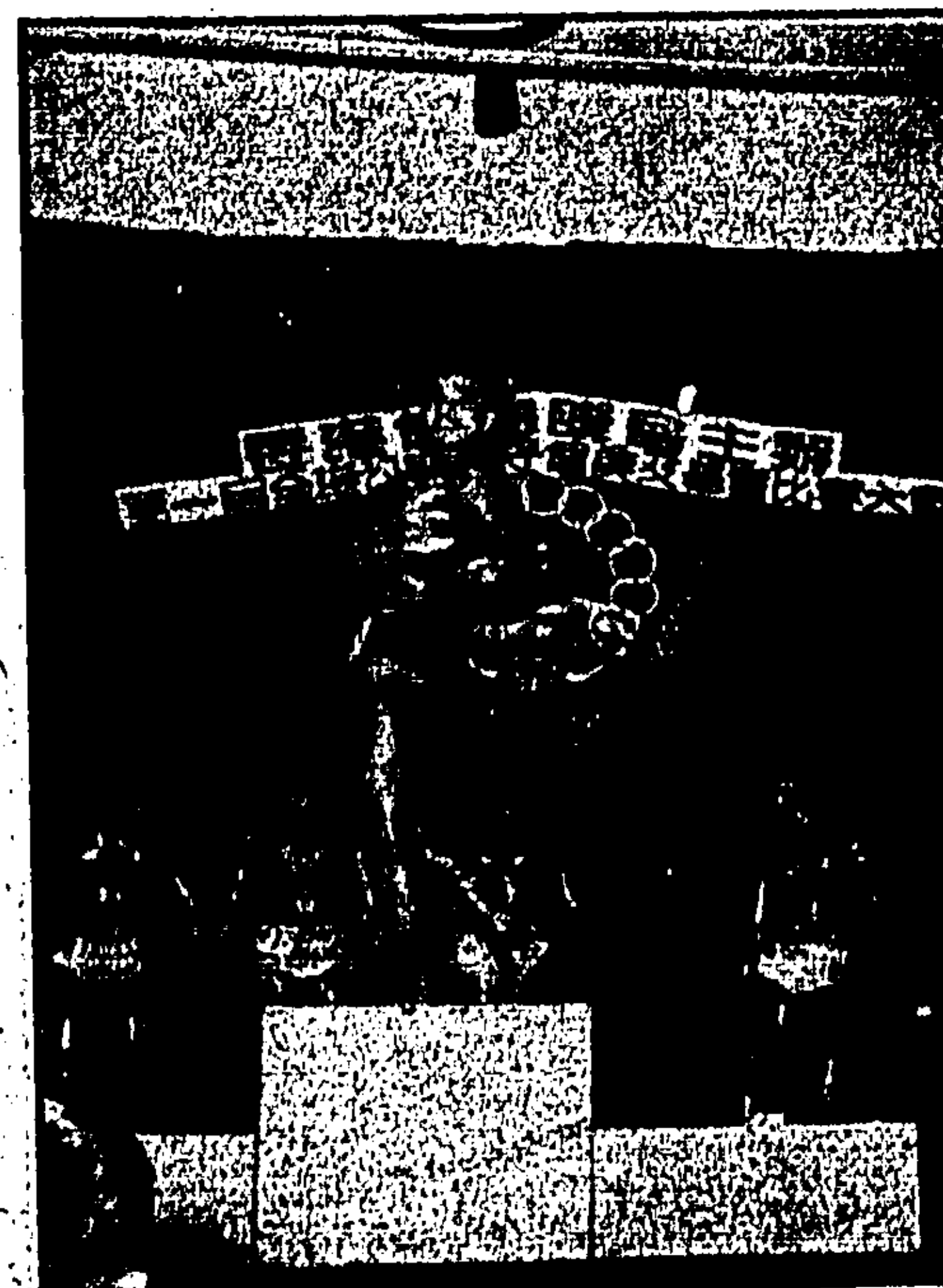
SIR John Nicoll, Governor of Singapore, called on his old friend, Sir Robert Ho Tung, during his recent visit to Hongkong, and the two are pictured in conversation.



THE Deputy Inspector-General of the Colonial Police, Mr I. H. J. E. Stourton, shaking hands with Mr M. Gotfried, ASP(S), Adjutant of the Special Constabulary, when meeting the officers of the unit at their camp in Aberdeen. (Staff Photographer)



MR Harold Robert Stark and Miss Maria Teresa Prata, whose wedding took place at the Rosary Church last week. (Staff Photographer)



MR Joseph Chan, adjudged champion at the first Colony open physical culture and weight-lifting competition, held at the Chinese YMCA. (Staff Photographer)

Showing on Monday - - -

New collections of
Blouses
and
Skirts
•
Jumpers
by Eric Hart & Ian Peters
exclusively at
Vaquerette Ltd.
Gloucester Bldg., 18A Des Voeux Rd.

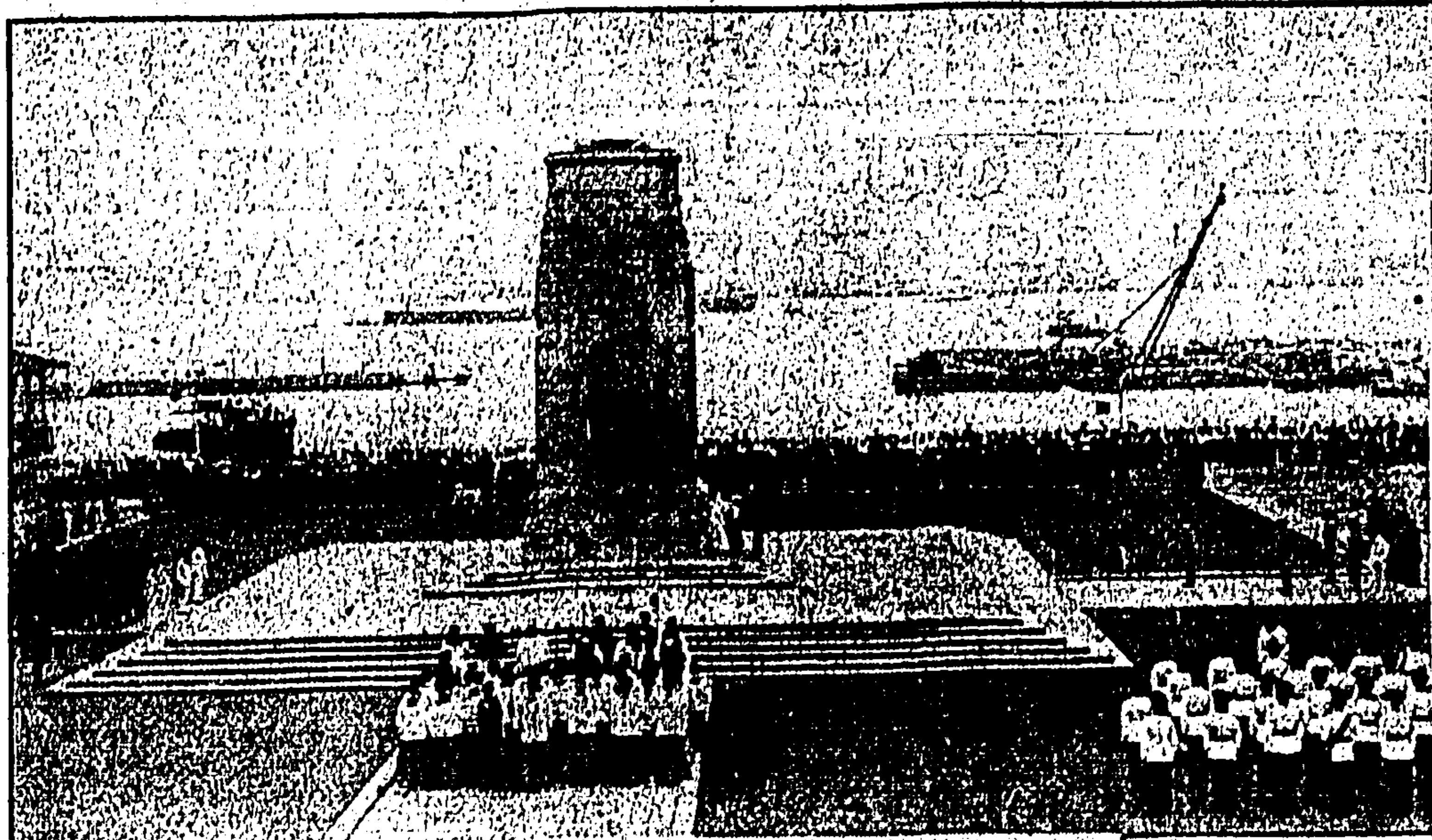
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can
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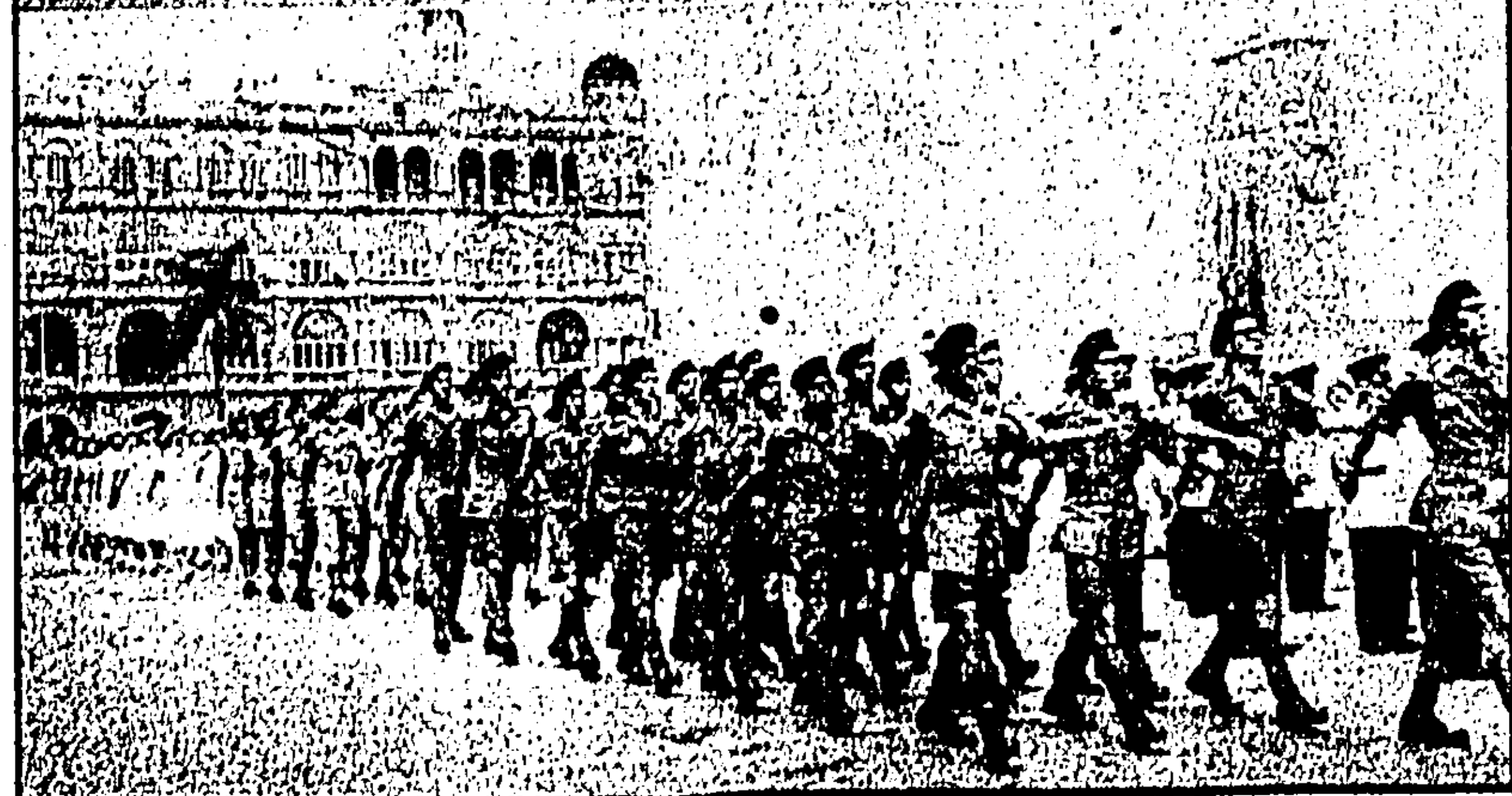
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ON the left, above: the impressive scene at the Canotaph on Remembrance Sunday. In solemn homage to the dead of the two World Wars, His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, lays the first wreath. Middle picture: The two senior Chinese Members of Councils, the Hon. Sir Man-kam Lo and the Hon. T. N. Chau, lay a wreath of tribute at the Chinese War Memorial in the Botanic Gardens. Right: Major H. A. de B. Botelho laying a wreath at the Club de Recreio in memory of Portuguese comrades of the Hongkong Volunteer Defence Corps who gave their lives in the defence of the Colony. Left: Contingent of the Hongkong Regiment marching from the Canotaph ceremony. (Staff Photographer)



MR Richard Nixon, Vice-President of the United States, receives the guest of honour's rosette from Miss Pauline Chan at the banquet given by the Hongkong Chinese Manufacturers' Union. Mrs Nixon is on the left. In the adjoining picture, the Nixons are seen at Kai Tak with Mr Julian F. Harrington, U.S. Consul-General, and Mrs Harrington. (Staff Photographer)



AN interlude during the Hongkong Juvenile Care Centre charity ball, held at the Skyroom last Sunday. Mrs S. N. Chau drawing the numbers for the many attractive prizes. (Staff Photographer)

HONGKONG and Saigon interport rugby teams, who met last Saturday. Saigon, represented by the Cercle Sportif Saigonnais, defeated Hongkong Football Club. (Ming Yuen)

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PROFESSOR Edmund Blunden (right), who recently assumed the Chair of English at the Hongkong University, on his way to give his inaugural lecture. With him is the Vice-Chancellor, Dr L. T. Rids. (Staff Photographer)



MISS Lilace Reid Barnes (right), President of the World YWCA's, being introduced to guests by Mrs Tai Hon-fun, President of the Hongkong YWCA, at the reception in honour of the visitor on Tuesday. (Staff Photographer)

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PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

EVEN YOU CAN MAKE IT—IT'S AS SIMPLE AS A-B-C!

By Shirley Lowe

ARE you the woman who claims she "can't make a thing"—who becomes a mass of thumbs at the sight of a needle?

Or are you the efficiency-plus woman who can turn her hand to anything?

Whichever you are, we extend a service that will give you a fresh slant on the things you can really make yourself.

We are NOT going to demonstrate how to make "attractive gifts for your friends" out of fir cones, sea shells, or bottle tops.

We will NOT suggest that you "brighten up that little black dress" with lace, buttons, or even sequins. Our ideas will be practical, attractive, easy to make, and as good, or better, than the shop-bought article.

Let's start with rug-making. A hand-made rug has all the advantages.

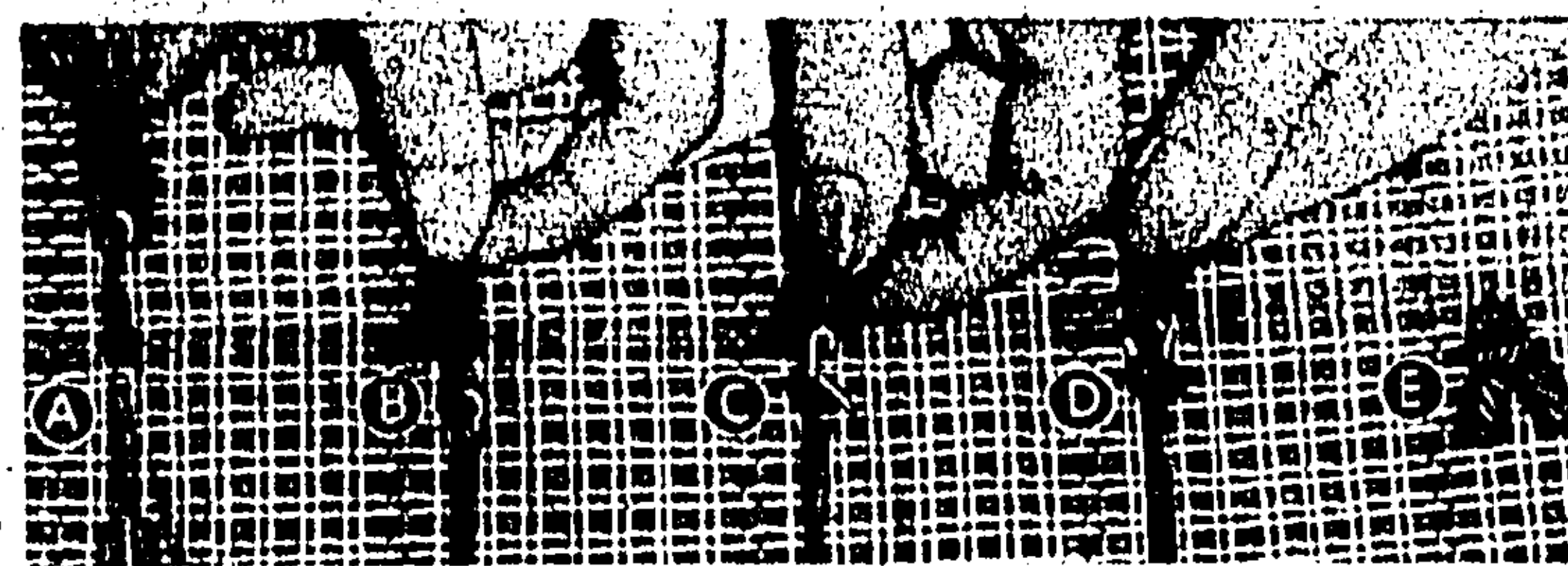
LASTING

It is practical, as you will soon find out with the cold winter evenings coming along.

You can choose the colour-scheme to harmonise with your furniture; the pile is deep and luxurious, and it outlasts any other rug or carpet by many years.

Now this is how to go about it. You will need a piece of plain printed canvas, some rug wool, a hook, and a rug-wool cutter.

Join the Do-it-Yourself people to turn idle time to pleasant profit. Our job on hand is rug-making.



It is possible to buy a set of these packaged together.

First thread your wool through the wool cutter, and chop off a certain amount of pieces. They fall out automatically 2 1/2 in. long. Now follow the next steps in the picture above.

MAKE IT EVEN

A Insert the hook under the double welt (widthways) thread of the canvas. Place the wool on the hook and double it equally; on this depends the evenness of the pile.

TAKE IT EASY! JUST FOLLOW THE PICTURES. KEEP GOING, AND YOU'LL HAVE A RUG IN TIME FOR THOSE WINTRY EVENINGS

B Pull hook and wool until the wool is half-way through the hole. The latch will automatically close and make it easy for you to draw the wool through.

C Now push the hook forward through the loop until the wool is behind the latch.

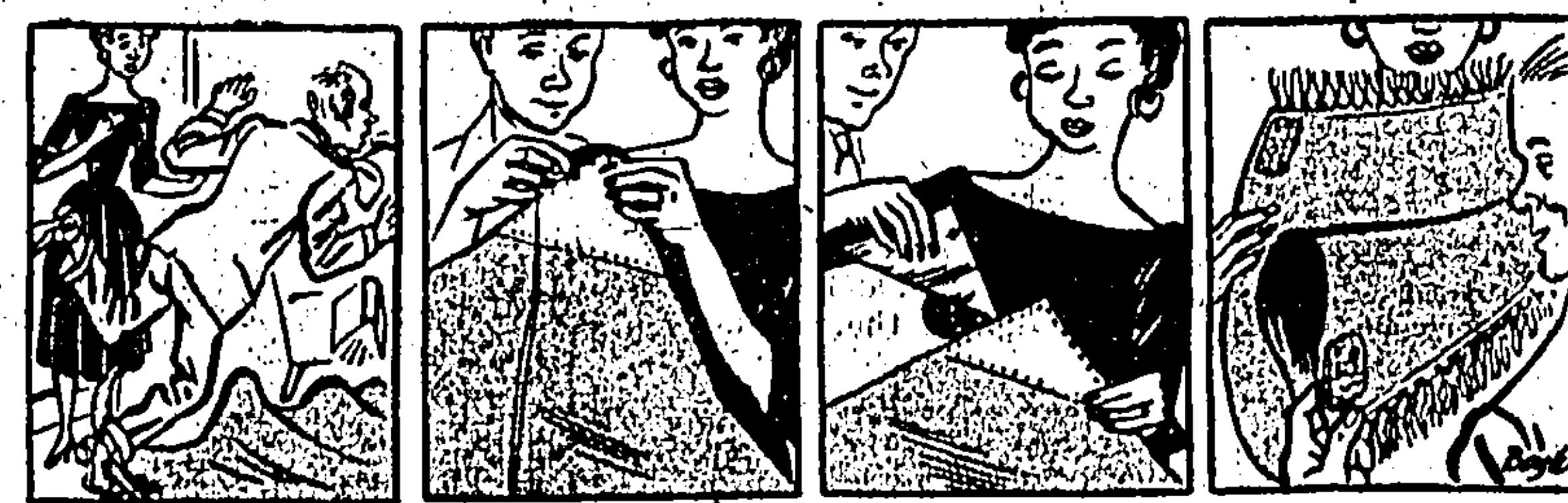
D Turn point of hook to the right and place the cut ends of wool into the crook.

E Pull hook through loop, bringing the cut ends with it. Give a slight pull to make the knot firm.

Repeat this under the next widthways thread of the canvas, and the next—and the next.

And in time, say in a fortnight of fireside evenings, you will have your rug.

NOW MEET A COUPLE WHO HELP YOU AS THEY HELP THEMSELVES



Beware the rug that curls up at the corners. ... Sew on underside of corners a triangular pocket. ... Slip into pocket a thin piece of tin. ... For non-skid rug use sponge at corners.

Many Ways To Flavour Foods With Lemon

"SCIENTISTS recognised the health values of citrus fruits more than one hundred and fifty years ago," I said to the Chef. "In 1795 an order was issued by the Administration of the British Royal Navy to supply each seaman and marine with orange, lemon or lime juice each day. As a result, scurvy, which caused serious illness and many deaths, vanished as if by magic."

"Ah, Madame, that is why they used to call British sailors 'limy'!"

Borderline Cases

"I suppose so. Scurvy is no longer a common disease, but there are still many borderline cases among persons who lack vitamin C in their diet, and consequently become fatigued easily and are susceptible to colds. The body can store only a small amount of vitamin C, so if the intake is decidedly low, or stopped, symptoms of scurvy appear in about 5 weeks. Today, most people get a fair quota of citrus by drinking a small glass of orange juice, or eating an orange every day, but many really need more."

"A pleasant way would be to use more lemon juice in salad dressings. Instead of vinegar, or to thicken and make more tart the over-sweet syrup of most tinned fruits. I also like to use lemon juice in seasoning meats and fish; to rub over the surface before cooking, to use in basting when roasting."

Trick of the Chef

To 1/2 c. tomato juice add 2 whole cloves and 2 slices lemon. Simmer-boil 5 min. Then strain into 2 c. cold tomato juice and chill. Serve garnished with a twist of lemon peel.

NATURE A SUPREME DECORATING BOOK

By ELEANOR ROSS

MOTHER NATURE does not green, and has bestowed it in a never-ending range of shades and tones.

Taking a leaf from this supreme decorating book, a new group of model rooms uses a variation on green in each of its seven interiors. The colour is the dominant theme of each room and appears different in the various textures.

Living-Dining Area

Two modern rooms take particularly well to green. A pale lettuce green is used with good effect in a large living-dining area. The pale tone is charming in the batiste curtains that cover a glass wall. The other walls are done in an interesting brown woven cane pattern.

The dining furniture is finished in a dark shade. This grouping is smartly separated from the rest of the room by a latticed brass screen lined with pieces of artificial green fern. The upholstered pieces are in a sharper shade of the pale green, and here turquoise blue pillows provide a colour contrast. The blue re-appearing in a contemporary painting. The seat covers of the dining group also are blue.

The second modern room in this group, a comfortable bedroom-sitting room, has walls done in a pale blue-green shade. The furniture is pale brown. Blue-green net curtains, small polar bearskin rug, make an effective colour contrast for the rich jewel shades of the gold-shot green and turquoise bed-cover. Emerald green and a different shade of deep blue are used to upholstered pieces.

This pair of rooms attracted the day we viewed it, but we noticed that faces with simpler tastes, including many young couples, were admiring a living-dining setting that featured a more cheerful, more approachable theme.

They seemed to like the furniture, a cleverly handled contemporary version of Early American, in a light brown finish. While green is the dominant colour here, too, other shades are nicely worked in, such as the floral print of green, pink and black on white used for window draperies. Pink re-appears in the dining group chairs. Walls are in apple green, and dark green is the colour of the fibre rug, a nice blend of simplicity and sophistication.

DON'T FORGET HEALTH ASPECTS OF THE PERSPIRATION PROBLEM

By H. N. BUNDESEN, M.D.

CONTROL of perspiration is the objective of many advertising campaigns extolling soaps or perfumes. Emphasis on the dainty aspects of this should not cloud the fact that the free passage of sweat from the sweat glands is essential for health.

There are millions of sweat glands spread over the body surface, and there are the primary or resultant causes of a wide variety of common skin disturbances. Most of these are caused by a mechanical blocking of the sweat duct opening. When this blocking occurs, the sweat is still formed but its free outlet to the surface of the skin is prevented; the sweat is trapped and kept beneath the skin, leading to a variety of skin disturbances.

Blisters Form

Various types of infections of the skin can cause the formation of blisters. These blisters, due perhaps to sunburn, or burns from other causes, prevent the sweat from reaching the surface and the sweat in turn helps form the blisters. Usually the slightest touch will break them and they are of little consequence.

One of the most common disturbances of the sweat glands is prickly heat. Little red bumps appear on the skin, especially around the hair follicles, during warm weather. The bumps disappear when the temperature decreases. It is actually another disturbance of the sweat glands.

The person suffering from prickly heat has a tingling and burning of the skin. It is aggravated by sweat and disappears when sweating stops. Only a few of the glands are affected by prickly heat; ninety percent of them will function normally, although the infected ones cause the rash. Prickly heat is most common around areas which are rubbed.

In another disorder, the sweat duct may be blocked off and little pustules containing whitish pus material will form on the skin. By reducing the amount of external heat, perhaps by the use of fans or air conditioners, or by improving ventilation, at least some of the disease caused by the sweat gland can be reduced or eliminated altogether. Besides taking measures to remain cool, persons suffering from diseases of the sweat glands should be careful not to wear irritating clothing or use soaps or detergents that may further irritate the skin.

To Make Housework Easier, Take An Expert's Advice

KITCHEN planning is as behind the times as Rip Van Winkle, says a home demonstration agent who has listened to the complaints of thousands of housewives.

Dr Dorothy Stepat of Hunter College's home economics department said it is high time the nation's builders and architects let women have a voice in planning homes.

"Kitchens seem to have the most faults," she said, "and the living rooms run a close second. The trouble with most kitchens is that men plan them, but women are the ones who have to use them."

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Dr Stepat, a veteran at home demonstration work, since May has talked to some 12,000 women at the Bayberry Community, New Rochelle, N.Y., a planned housing development. Her lectures have centred on ways to make all phases of housework easier.

She said the most common complaint of the women is that they don't have enough work space.

"They also complain about the location of electrical outlets, about lack of eating space in the kitchen, about sinks being too low—or, if she's a short woman, too high—about lack of storage space generally and never enough for storing foods and equipment used infrequently."

"They want living rooms more versatile for furniture arrangement. They want more window area, and more cupboards. And I've never found a woman yet who said her house had enough closets."

The home economist said that even if the basic plan of your house isn't up to snuff, you still can save many a step. Here are some of her suggestions:

For easier cleaning, wax all window sills, shelves and other surfaces which get heavy use. Keep a small box near your laundry area stocked with several spot removers, cloth, a sponge and a list of instructions for spot removal. All spot removing should be done before washing. Use gadgets which

Try to prepare as much food as possible for the day right after breakfast. It is cooler to work then, and the utensils can be washed along with the breakfast dishes.

Dr Stepat believes in speeding up cooking by using the wide variety of ready mixes available.

She used a cookie mix in one demonstration and all the women in the audience who tasted the result "ohed" and "ahed" but commented, "They should be good, you're a home economist."

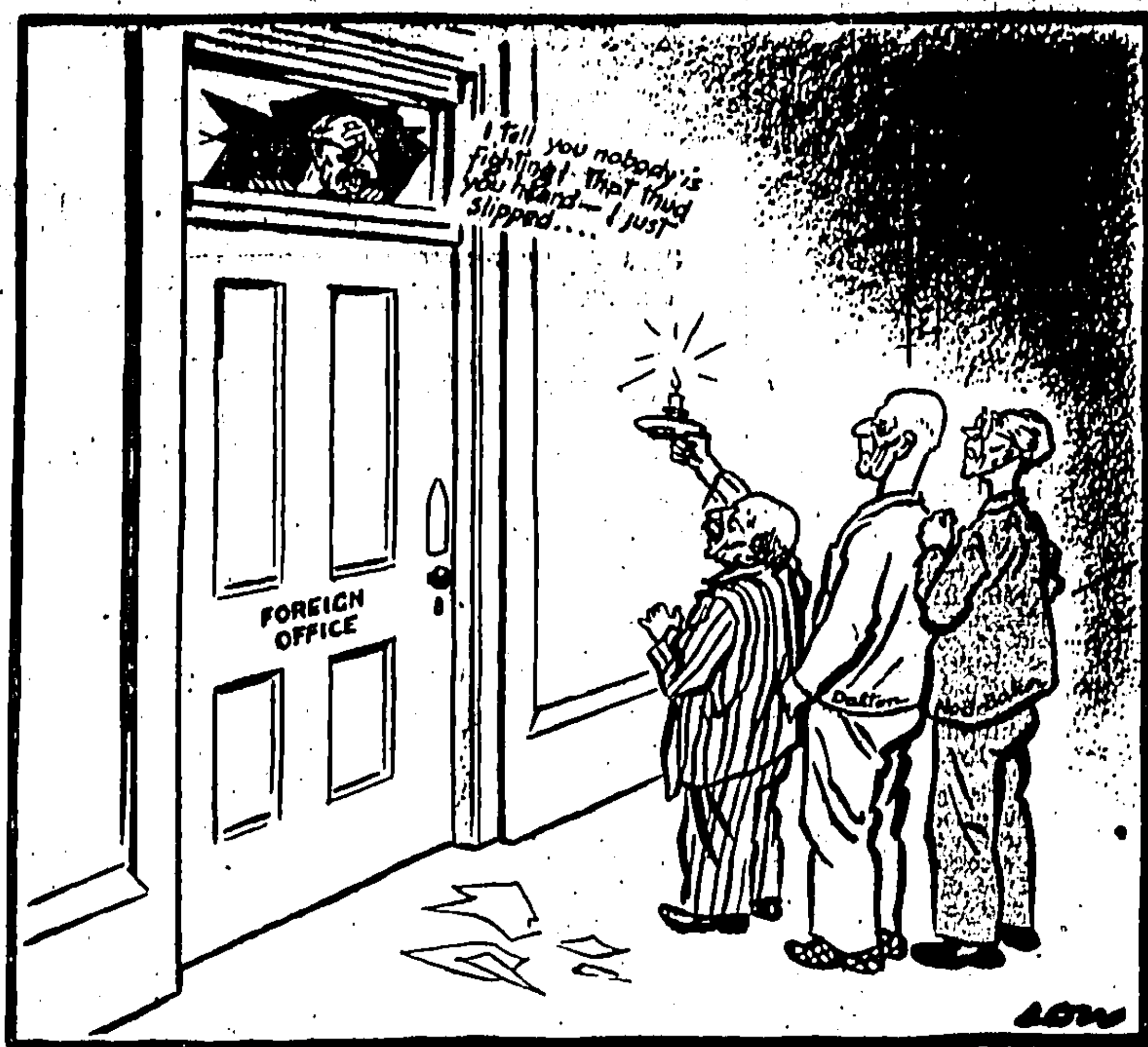
"They all laughed when I told them I'd done nothing but follow the directions on the box," she said.—United Press.

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DISTURBANCE ABOUT TRIESTE

FOREIGN POLICY PROBLEMS IN THE NEW SESSION

By Patrick Maitland, M.P.

FOREIGN policy problems in the new Parliamentary session which opened last week could daunt the hardest Foreign Secretary. Mr. Eden's skill and, above all, his patience will be fully needed.

Dominating the scene are the issues affecting relations between the West and the Communist bloc.

It cannot yet be asserted that the idea of a Korean conference is dead. But its death is approaching. And, at best, the permanent division of Korea is perhaps to be envisaged.

Nothing has happened in the past year to suggest that continued diplomatic exchanges will really bring about a Big Four meeting. In other words, nothing now suggests that Russia will agree to free elections as the basis for reunifying Germany; or that Russia will join in signing the Austrian Treaty and withdraw from the Danube Basin.

Whatever else is in doubt, then, it is plain that Mr. Eden confronts a world more sharply divided than ever into East and West. The best analogy may perhaps lie in the uneasy neighbourliness of Christendom and Islam at the time when the Muslim creed was also a fighting religion. The relative tranquillity was upset by the crusades; then Islam itself swept up to the gates of Vienna.

What Steps.

Today, any British Foreign Secretary, while continuing to send the conventional diplomatic notes to Russia, must consider what other steps he can take. He must ponder what can be done to ensure that peace—even an uneasy peace—can be maintained.

Apparently the British Government and, to some extent, the American Government, believe that the sensible course is to improve East-West trade. As confidence is restored, so perhaps may rearmament be slackened, and eventually reduced, to the point where even trade in strategic materials once again becomes common sense.

Subsidiary to that problem are the issues of Atlan-

tic defence. These fall into two categories.

Firstly, there is the uncertainty of the European Army ever being formed or alternatively of Germany joining NATO.

Next is the prospect of a Trieste agreement. No doubt because of a growing demand to test the wishes of the people concerned by a free vote, Belgrade seems to be having second thoughts about establishing her "rights" in the city by force of arms.

Quite different are the problems looming up in the Middle East, primarily in the Nile Valley and Delta.

Their Choice

The Sudanese have begun voting for an Assembly which can decide on unity with Egypt or "independence". Many of the voters are illiterate. Their choice will often depend on the chance attractiveness of the symbol put before them. And they will have been subjected to Egyptian interference, which has markedly increased since Britain's influence in the Sudan waned as a result of last Spring's Anglo-Egyptian agreement.

Then there are the Canal Zone negotiations. Mr. Eden is going to be sorely tried over these. For there is a growing right wing within his party which is becoming ever less impressed by what are sometimes thought to be needless concessions. At any rate, published speculations about the principles so far agreed for incorporation into a new treaty with Egypt have deeply shocked some of Mr. Eden's sincerest admirers. And, unless the negotiations break down, he will have to weather a storm on this.

Second Problem

Directly related is some growing resentment at the known but still irritatingly mercurial quality of American foreign policy. There are insistent demands that, if the United Kingdom is to give the United States wholehearted support in the Far East, such aid must be reciprocated in the Middle East.

Here, indeed, is the second overriding problem confronting the Foreign Secretary.

There are delicate issues as between Israel and her neighbours. Negotiations loom about Persia. The Middle East needs a regional security system.

In the Far East, on the other hand, Britain is being constrained by events and also her desire to keep in step with the USA for the sake of similar help in the Middle East. But this is a policy not wholly to the British taste.

Britain wants Red China re-entrained in UNO. Britain also desires a return to the old British-Japanese alliance, torpedoed after the First World War by Canada and the United States.

But, again, any British Foreign Secretary faces in this region certain inevitable difficulties. Japan's industrial recovery is only welcome to Britain as long as her exports do not encroach on her Commonwealth and Southeast Asian markets. That is to say, Britain wants Japan's trade channelled to China.

Here is the root of a critical divergence with the United States, which the Foreign Secretary will inevitably study. There are signs that the relations between Moscow and Peking are cool. If anything could be done to develop a "Peking" if the West could furnish China with goods that Russia denies to her, or if Japan can be encouraged to do this, the security problem in the Pacific might change its character.

Like A Hawk

But the issue of British exports to China is highly coloured by Senator McCarthy, whose spirit hovers like a hawk over every awkward point in Anglo-American relations.

Between the wars it was clear that Britain's chief diplomatic difficulty was to carry France with her; since the Second World War the difficulty has been to avoid being carried along by the more powerful United States.

If the division of the world on the one hand, and the furthering of Anglo-American harmony on the other, are the dominating problems before Mr. Eden, there is another related to both. But it is still only a shadow on the wall.

A ten percent recession in the United States could knock the Sterling Area sideways; any more extensive recession might knock it to bits. (This is a prophecy of the currently favoured canonist of Soviet economic thinking, Academician Varga). Even the thought of it is what naturally impels Britain to close economic ties with Europe. It is what, if there were no other impulse, would bid Great Britain to go on seeking to combine liberality and stability in Commonwealth and bilateral relations with growth and action that may deepen common loyalties.

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM HAS A 21ST BIRTHDAY

By Beverley Baxter, M.P.

SIR Thomas Beecham is about to celebrate a 21st birthday. It is not his own for Sir Thomas is 74 years of age. The celebration is for his orchestra, the London Philharmonic, which he founded in 1932.

And how will this stormy baronet from the world of pills celebrate the Orchestra's coming of age? He intends to hold a series of concerts at the Albert Hall in London for audiences of industrial workers. Those who live more than 10 miles out of London will have special buses to bring them to the Albert Hall and take them home.

After this series is over he will give about 30 concerts in churches scattered about the South of England. If there is a suitable tower he will place his trumpets and trombones in it. He will spread his strings in the channel, and for some reason or other he will have a French horn in the pulpit—or so he says.

In other words this stormy little genius, this baronet of local mayors, this terror of opera singers, will enjoy himself thoroughly and, if in the mood, will give some superlative performances with an orchestra that is certainly among the first four in the world.

Incidents

BUT there are bound to be incidents. If Beecham had been set upon a desert island instead of Robinson Crusoe, there would have been plenty of liveliness even before Mr. Friday appeared. His father was a Yorkshireman, and it is always wise to remember that Yorkshire was occupied but never subdued by the Normans.

Joseph Beecham, who sired our hero, built up an enormous financial kingdom based upon patent medicine and pills. One of the oldest stories of Joseph was that he offered to print the hymn books for the Methodist Churches in Yorkshire and promised that he would not charge that he would not charge a blasphemy by introducing any advertising matter. So the hymn books were printed, and all went well until Christmas when the astonished congregations sang:

"Hark the herald angels sing:
Beecham's pills are just the thing:
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
Two for man and one for child."

Common sense suggests that the story is apocryphal, but having had many strange experiences with Sir Thomas I am almost prepared to believe that his father was as unpredictable as himself. Incidentally, Beecham's is a vast patent medicine combine today although the family are no longer connected with its management.

Exquisite

JUST how or why Thomas Beecham became what he is cannot be explained by either heredity or environment. Obviously Joseph, the father, possessed commercial genius and was a great showman. The fact that he was a baronet (a hereditary knighthood) indicates that he was a man of substance who made an impression upon his generation.

His son and heir, Thomas, was something of a miniature. Full grown, his inches did not extend beyond five, foot six or seven. Like many young men of short stature he was ambitious, supercilious, dogmatic and sardonic. Being of Yorkshire stock he was mad about cricket, and played the game well until a ball broke a finger in his right hand.

He turned to the piano and mastered it as if it had been designed for him. His touch was exquisite—it still is. But piano playing could not supply the area of conquest that his temperament and his gifts demanded. Since there were no wars or revolutions about he could not attain a field marshal's baton, but he would at least wield the baton of an orchestral conductor.

Extraordinary

HIS musicalship was as extraordinary as his ability. He possessed a completely photographic mind as far as orchestral scores were concerned. I have watched him conduct more than a hundred times, and he has never used a score. If he is in doubt he summons before him the score that he studied and reads it as if it were in front of his eyes.

Perhaps the fact that the Beecham estate owned the Crystal Palace, the home of the Covent Garden vegetable market, Alexander to Beverley, and in which the famous Opera House of the London is placed, had something to do with it, but Thomas became its chief conductor and wielded the baton for Melba, Caruso, Scotti, Patti and all the rest of those masters of glory.

As a soldier in the first war I went to Drury Lane where Beecham was putting on a season of operas in English (Covent Garden was closed), but it was not until 1920 when I had returned to England that we first met. Because he agreed or disagreed with something I had written, he asked me to lunch in which he did all the talking—which was as it should be. It was the beginning of a friendship that was not without humour or controversy or excitement.

Significance

IN the late 1920's he brought back opera to Covent Garden, and the opening night of the season was an affair of such social significance that even if you could not tell the difference between Tristan and the Merry Widow you had to be there. The rules of the opera house were adamant. No man could be admitted to the stalls or the dress circles for any evening performance unless in white tie and tails. If you turned up in a dinner jacket you would have to go to the top gallery or else so home.

"This is my house," said Sir Thomas, "and my guests shall observe the customs of my house."

He was, of course, quite right. The North American custom of changing from the business suit of the day to a different business suit in the evening shows lack of gallantry towards your female companion and lack of courtesy to the artists who entertain you. "Dress or be damned!" said Sir Thomas, and, being an autocrat, he had his way.

One year Beecham decided to open the season with Beethoven's opera "Fidelio"—a poor choice but his own. But he preceded the opera with an overture which begins with a quadruple pianissimo of the strings. In other words, the volume of sound would be something rather less than four mosquitoes on an off night.

Smouldering

OUT went the lights and there came a great hush. Sir Thomas leaned over his orchestra, and with his exquisite hands called the muted strings to begin their whisper. The socialites, hearing nothing, assumed that the opera had not begun and resumed their talk.

Beecham put down his baton and, turning round, shouted: "Shut up!" The startled audience became quiet. They were puzzled, but at least they had had their orders.

Sir Thomas turned to his orchestra and, again leaning over the strings, he asked for the muted delicacy of the opening movement. As no one could hear anything the conversation broke out as before.

Waving his baton like a sword Beecham swung round and shouted: "If you don't shut up I'll put you out!"

At that time he had taken a flat just below mine in Regent's Park, and I dropped in to see him the next day. He was still smouldering with anger.

"If I go to someone's house," he said, "I observe the customs of my host even if they are boring. If these nitwits of the West End come to my house at Covent Garden, they will accept my customs or they will have to leave."

Anecdotes

THEY have exactly the same rights as any other ordinary citizens admitted to the presence of their superiors. Am I saying that to them? Rubbish! I am saying them the compliment of giving them, at an utterly uncommercial figure, the genius of Beethoven and Wagner, which their minds cannot fashion nor their ears appreciate. Ignorance and gratitude should combine to make them dumb: If I go to any of their silly receptions or dinner parties, I accept the mumbo-jumbo of it all and leave as soon as I can. Well, when they come to my house at Covent Garden they can do the same thing. They do not pay me to produce opera for them. I permit them to hear opera.

So into the afternoon we talked of the impossible English, the people whose faults he knows like a parent, and whose love for them is as great as any parent's. His dazzling, cultured, misanthropic mind leaps from the century to the century, from the Greeks to the Romans, from the Covent Garden vegetable market, Alexander to Beverley, and in which the famous Opera House of the London is placed, had something to do with it, but Thomas became its chief conductor and wielded the baton for Melba, Caruso, Scotti, Patti and all the rest of those masters of glory.

plight of the Czechs. His command of language is a beautiful thing, his satire perfect. His boisterousness more than Elizabethan.

Then he stops and says that he has a new gramophone record by a French comedian. He puts it on and waits with a twinkling eye. What a record! It is a French clown's burlesque of a German lieder singer, incredibly funny and incredibly vulgar. At its conclusion Beecham is dissolved into helpless laughter and so am I.

A minute later he moves to the piano and says: "Do you know this Schumann Concerto?" His touch has the delicacy of a forgotten age and the flattered piano sings its music to the stars.

"This is the orchestral part," remarks Beecham, and superimposes a discordant and unbecomingly loud voice upon the limpid beauty of the keys.

Beecham anecdotes became part of the small change of social conversation. One day he was walking along Pall Mall wearing a heavy coat. Summoning a taxi he threw the coat inside and solemnly continued his walk with the cab crawling behind.

Rehearsals

HIS orchestral rehearsals at Covent Garden were full of incidents. Twice a flute player failed to come in at the right point in the score. With an airy wave of his hand Sir Thomas said: "We must go on. But, my fellow, do keep in touch with us from time to time."

He nearly caused an international "incident" when rehearsing a European State Opera Company at the Garden. The huge soprano was singing off pitch, most decidedly off pitch. "Madam," said Sir Thomas, "would you mind sounding your A?"

On the other hand he could be thoughtful and even delicate in his dealings with musicians. An example of it happened on a night when he was conducting "Götterdämmerung," an climax of Wagner's cycle "The Ring." It was just one of those nights when everything goes wrong.

The stage manager had supplied moving waves for the Rheingolds, but the engine got out of control, with the result that from flapping like an eagle's wings the waves would slow down to almost no movement at all.

The audience began a titter, which swelled into a loud laugh as a bowler hat was seen going through the electric waves. Nor was that all. The tenor wailed almost a ton, and when his

corpse was lifted up on the shield it broke with the weight. Black with fury Beecham called on the principal trumpeter for Siegfried's death motif—but the top note broke into fragments.

Down came the curtain and Beecham turned to his orchestra for the beginning of Siegfried's Funeral March. The audience was almost out of hand, but Beecham stood motionless in the light of the orchestra pit until there was a deathly silence over the whole house.

Then, and only then, he began the slow, muffled opening notes of that greatest of all funeral marches. Beecham's beautiful hands were moulding the tone from his players; whatever fires were inwardly consuming him he was outwardly calm, quietly giving confidence and inspiration to his distracted players. And then, horror of horrors, he had to call again on the same trumpeter for Siegfried's motif with that perilous high note.

Beecham leaned towards the trumpeter with a smile of confidence, and with his mesmeric hands conjured the notes from the trumpet. The player did it beautifully and Beecham bowed to him, not ironically but in tribute.

As the March moved towards its climax Beecham became something more than human. He made his orchestra play like angels and devils. The vast audience was held in the grip of his genius and his unconquerable spirit. When the march descended from its supreme climax to the muttering notes and drum beats that precede the raising of the last act curtain, we were limp with excitement and emotion. It had been Beecham's greatest hour.

Impossible

I AGAIN dropped down to see him the next morning, and in the course of our chat, about the events of the night before, I asked him what he had said to his unfortunate trumpeter.

Beecham drew himself haughtily to his full inches, few as they were. "I went up to the man and said, 'My dear fellow, I have come to offer you my humble apology. You are one of the finest trumpet players in the world, and it is only in a barbaric country such as England where you would be expected to rehearse all day and play all night until you have no lips left. As your conductor I ask you to forgive me.'"

The word "lovable" is not often used to describe Tommy

Beecham, but I loved the man at that moment.

Yet his long reign at Covent Garden was coming to an end. Taxation and rising costs of rehearsal and production made it impossible for him to meet the deficit, and the public would not pay the prices required to break even. So eventually the Garden was taken over by other hands, financially aided by the State, and Beecham had ceased to be the king of opera.

Not long afterwards he formed his own orchestra, and was one of the first conductors to realise the immense market for gramophone records of classical music. But he also held the loyalty of a big concert public in Britain, although he must have yearned many times for the lure and excitement of the Opera House.

Today he is 74 years of age, and instead of holding forth at the Savoy Grill, as he used to do at lunch in the lush old days, he spends most of his time in the country with his youngish second wife who is a concert pianist. His wit is not so barbed, his airy sarcasms do not float about as once they did, and he no longer bullies local mayors and tells them how abominably ugly their concert halls are.

Beautiful

GOUT has taken its toll, for he is not only a perfect judge of port but an ardent consumer. Yet his memory remains as diamond pointed as ever when it comes to music. Not long ago he entered a crowded Festival Hall, and as usual, faced his orchestra with no music before him. Turning towards the first violinist he whispered: "What in the devil are we playing?" On being told that it was Beethoven's Ninth, he was perfectly content and gave it a beautiful rendition.

Where will he rank with his contemporaries? Not as great as the immaculate Toscanini nor the impassioned Furtwängler at their best, but give him an orchestra insufficiently rehearsed, and if he is in the mood, he can make them play as if they were the children of the gods.

His arrogance is equalled by his human understanding. His pomposity is only reserved for the pompous. His wit is rapier pointed, his classical knowledge deep, and his Van Dyke beard is capable of patronising a six-foot guardsman.

He has produced more discord in the world of harmony than any musician who ever lived, with the possible exception of Wagner. I shudder to think what will happen to some of the churches on the orchestra's 21st birthday tour.

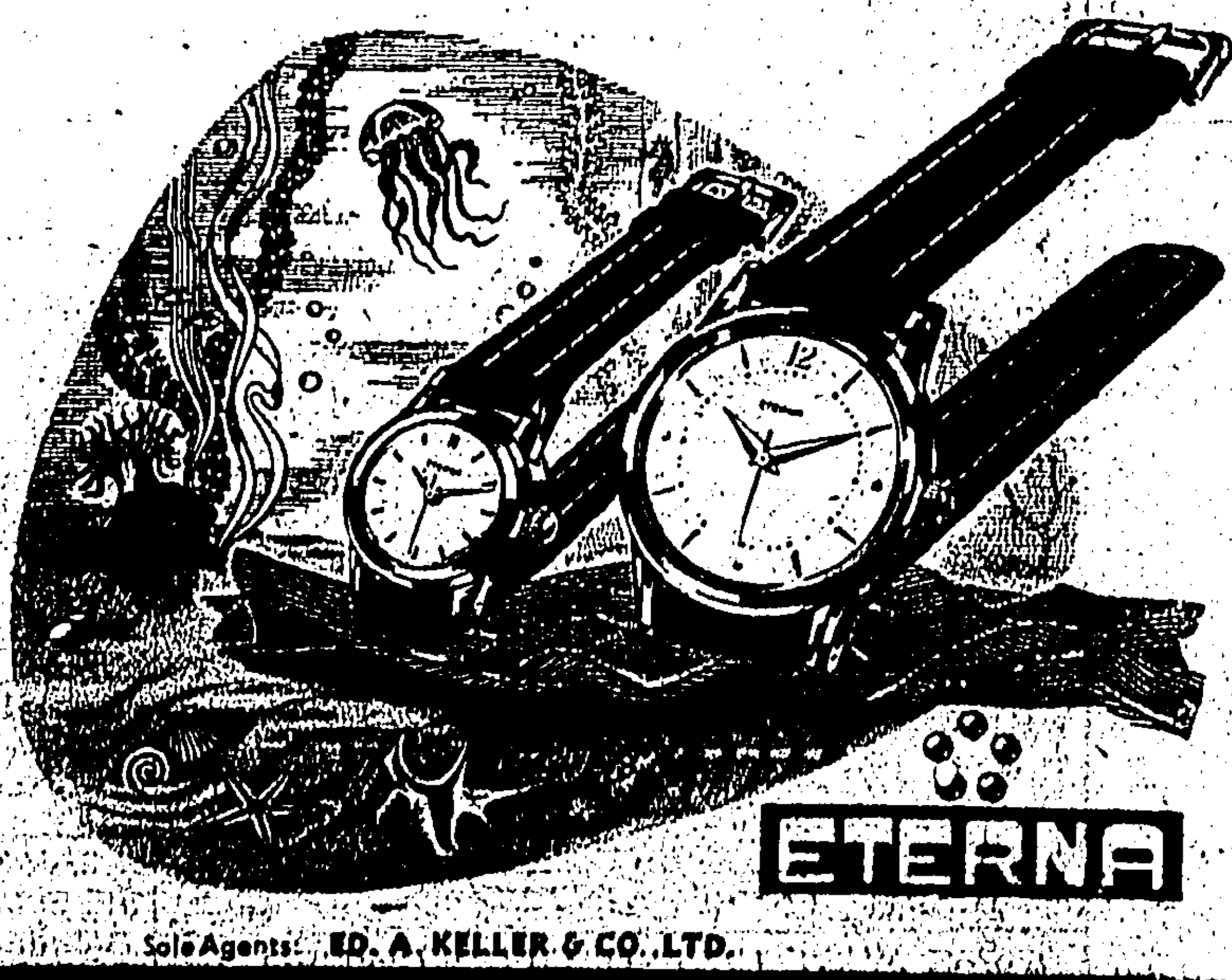
But in the process he will fill the churches with sweet sound such as their ancient stones have never heard before.

WATERPROOF

You want your watch to be accurate...

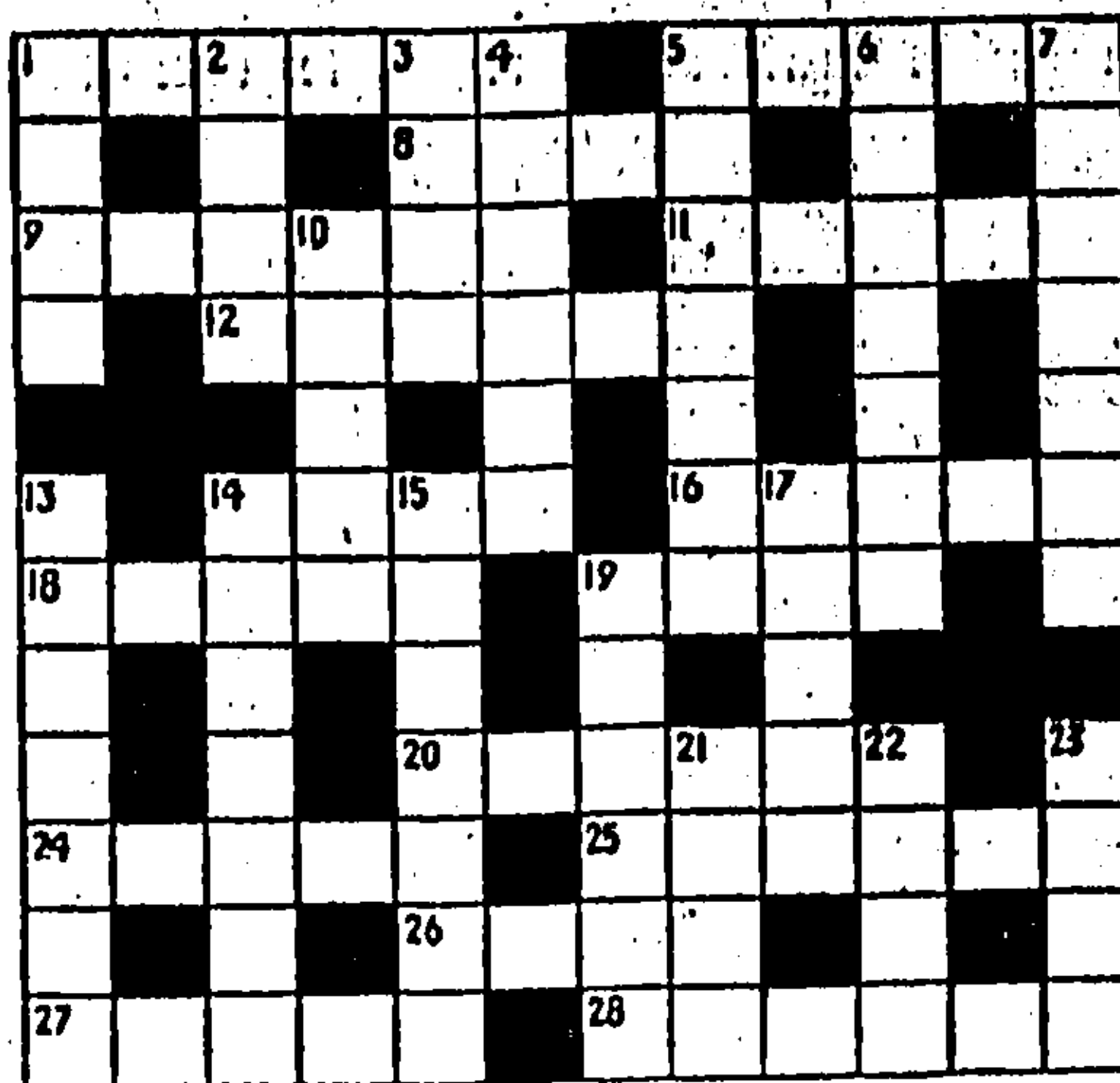
ETERNA

yet you are going to expose it to all kinds of dangers: rain, soap-lather, dust, perhaps even perfume and powder — all these are deadly enemies of your watch and can prove fatal to the mechanism and oils inside it! It is a gruelling test. That is why, if you prize accuracy above all, you must insist on a watch that is absolutely waterproof — only then can you be sure of lasting precision. The Eterna waterproof guarantees enduring accuracy. It is shock-protected, antimagnetic and completely impervious to damp and dust — thus it assures you of time-security under all the conditions of everyday life.



Sole Agents: ED. A. KELLER & CO. LTD.

A British Crossword Puzzle



- ACROSS**
- 1 Nap (6).
 - 5 Lounge holders (5).
 - 6 Land measure (4).
 - 9 Reviewer (6).
 - 11 Scorch (5).
 - 12 Special aptitude (6).
 - 14 Multitude (4).
 - 16 Awaken (5).
 - 18 Upbraid (5).
 - 19 Bring up (4).
 - 20 Writing implement (6).
 - 24 Practice (5).
 - 25 Treating medicinally (4).
 - 26 Cranny (4).
 - 27 Finished (5).
 - 28 Repaired (6).
- DOWN**
- 1 Discharge (4).
 - 2 Way out (3).
 - 3 Appendix (4).
 - 4 Stress (6).
 - 5 Put back (7).
 - 6 Outline (7).
 - 7 Slim (7).
 - 8 Law (7).
 - 13 Male spouse (7).
 - 14 Salary (7).
 - 15 Fertile spot (5).
 - 17 Haphazard (6).
 - 18 Fuel (4).
 - 21 Told untruths (4).
 - 22 Grew old (4).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD.—Across: 1 Class, 4 Elapse, 8 Endear, 10 Astir, 12 Temper, 14 Proceed, 17 Tome, 19 Rattled, 20 Aspires, 22 Reed, 23 Sleeves, 27 Scused, 28 Obese, 30 Single, 31 Rialto, 32 Treat, Down: 1 Cheap, 2 Aisle, 3 Statue, 5 Leap, 6 Petrol, 7 Earned, 9 Redress, 11 Settling, 13 Menaces, 15 Hore, 16 Chides, 18 Mere, 20 Armour, 21 Perpetra, 24 Edict, 25 Vogue, 26 Seent, 28 Nent.



THIS DREAM MEANS:

Wild horses chase you along the only direction you can take until you collapse. The horse is a common symbol of physical instinct, especially masculine instinct.

You feel you are very popular with men; you sense your attraction is entirely physical and the thought appals you. To be physically attractive is, of course, no



WHEREVER YOU WENT THEY CHASED YOU UNTIL YOU SEEMED TO COLLAPSE AND AWAKE

misfortune: biologically—it gives you a big start; a better chance of attracting the right man.

When men respond only to the physical side of your personality, the odds are that you are unconsciously—flaunting that side. Try balancing your personality with a little more sincerity or dependability. Physical charm will attract men; physical charm plus that something else will attract the man.

PARADE A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

MIDAS TOUCH When they've dined too well, too late, slot machine owners have nightmares about someone like Willy Kopshoff and wake up screaming. For years, though, they've been able to slip back between the silk sheets, assured after a spot of mental refocusing that he's but the upshot of a protesting colon.

But Willy Kopshoff does exist—a fairly ordinary-looking 32-year-old, who runs a barber shop in the Ruhr's Cuirop-Raukel. And dawn doesn't dispel the nightmares he's been giving local slot-machine operators.

When the "short back and sides" orders aren't pouring in, Willy slips round to the nearest bar-room with a slot machine to replenish the coffers. On an ordinary day, he reckons, he can make \$30 this way.

It's strictly on the up and up, and that's what is turning the machine-owners grey. The machines are fairly standard except that the sucker has a chance to test his skill by arresting the rotating discs with a brake. And it seems that Willy has an uncanny knack of knowing just when to pull the lever.

It's got so that pictures of Willy have been issued to renters of slot machines so that the one-armed bandits can conveniently go "out of order" when he appears.

But this is only a stop-gap until the machine-owning syndicate get new Willy-proof units installed.

SIESTA What Noel Coward said, that only mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the night, penetrated, it seems, into the "hinterland" of a torrid Mandalay. Last week the station master at a rail junction near Mandalay decided to take the infant terrible of the thirties at his word. When the sun got high the quit work, closed down the station and retired under his mosquito net.

For the rest of the day, chaos reigned on the road to Mandalay.

FUORE OVER FRANCO Maybe it was just a coincidence, but the tough Franco administration was taking no chances. Somehow on the front page of the independent conservative newspaper, ABC, the splash headlines announcing the Spanish-American agreement found themselves alongside an ad, which wailed: "What things happen, oh Lord!"

Probably with another newspaper the administration might have been expected to agree that it was just an unfortunate slip. But ABC, with monarchistic leanings, seldom seemed to miss the chance of a crack.

When 100,000 people recently hailed Franco at the ex-royal palace, ABC ran an editorial "Fidelity is at a crisis." When Stalin died, a wide-eyed ABC solemnly commented that Russian kids would now be bucked at the idea of not having to gaze at Stalin's face for six hours a day. (Franco's portrait is well displayed on the walls of every public building in Spain.)

This time the administration pected. The editor was suspended.

TOUJOURS For British and American child telecasters, but in France, where school-age television is just starting up, the debut will be made with Moliere's version of the hot-blooded goings-on of Don Juan.

MAN BITES GOVERNMENT A trader at Nantes, on the French Atlantic seaboard, is suing the French nationalised electricity company because his dog bit him.

The trader, Monsieur Roland Garand, was walking his dog in the fields when a storm broke, snapping an overhead cable.

The end of the cable swung to the ground and thwacked the dog across the back, sending it temporarily mad. Garand said it was negligence on the part of the electricity

authorities for not ensuring that their overhead cables stayed over head.

GOLD STRIKE A bored Russian major scratched his initials on a 16th century painting and Moscow got a priceless work of gold.

Confusing? Well, here's how it happened. When the Russians regulated the Grand Hotel, Vienna, nobody paid any attention to eight gloomy, dingy, oil paintings on a lobby wall. Officers noticed that they seemed to be painted on lead instead of canvases, but they weren't interested enough to investigate.

Then the major started to carve his initials. Under the lead he found solid gold. The 16th century owner had apparently hit on the scheme, as a ruse to disguise his savings in time of war—and forgotten to tell his heirs about it.

The gold was quickly flown to Moscow.

LONG ARM Oddette Subils lost her bicycle in the little town of St. Marie-la-Mer, France, three years ago. The village policeman swore it had never been traced.

Then, last week, Oddette paid him a routine visit. His bicycle was sitting in his kitchen.

She called another policeman who arrested him.

WORN AWAY Doctors were called to the National Wool Board office in Cape town as employees finished writing 20 million dollars worth of cheques to farmers, proceeds from the sale of war surplus wool.

Employees came out with bandaged hands—the result of days of furious writing.

WRONG TRAIN Two young Englishmen from a London suburb went out on a binge to celebrate passing a civil service exam.

Next morning, broke and bewildered, they found themselves in France.

After an evening's drinking in London, they got on what they thought was suburban electric train. It turned out to be the night special to Paris.

They went to sleep and nobody bothered them until they got to Dunkirk.

RED LIGHT Worried by the mounting traffic accident toll, a delegate to the Nationalist Congress in Bloemfontein suggested a novel solution:

"Donkey owners should be compelled to put red lights on the animals' tails."

NOBODY WILL INSURE BARBARA It is no use 26-year-old Barbara Moulton now touring Midland theatres in a knife-throwing act, trying to provide for that rainy day when she is taking out an endowment or life insurance policy. For no insurance company will consider her. She is at the receiving end of the knife-throwing act of Chief Eagle Eye.

Despite his great skill and unerring judgment as the nightly James Barbara with knives, the insurance assessors consider that Barbara is at the wrong end of the act and a bad insurance risk.

Barbara casually admits to having suffered an occasional scratch, but to her, as she leans back in the board, knives and choppers speeding towards her, are the duller part of the act. She is really thrilled when partner Eagle Eye shoots an apple off her head with live ammunition.

HOW'S YOUR AGENE? Nerves upset? Feeling run down and beat up? Ready to hammer? hit your wife with a hammer?

No... don't reach for that box of pills. And don't head for your psychiatrist.

Talk it over with your bettor, instead. That's the advice Dr. Hugh Paul, Smithwick's Health Officer, has been handing out at the Blackpool conference of municipal corporations.

Dr. Paul thinks there may be a close relationship between agene—a substance you probably never guessed was part of your daily bread—and the "vast increase in nervous debility."

Could be he's right. Tests show agene makes cattle as jittery as a firecracker.

But even if it turns out that agene is innocent, Dr. Paul still thinks you should have a few stern words with your baker. "The best part of the flour is extracted and fed to pigs... the rest makes bread for you," he told the local government men.

The doctor wound up with a call for a government investigation and a general clean-up.

A Book To Talk About
FOUR MEN TO
HELP M'LADY
TAKE A BATH

By Milton Shulman

IF we cannot have the Baroness Ravensdale preserved in wax, her autobiography, *Four Men To Help M'Lady Take A Bath* (Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 21s.) is the next best thing.

For she represents a species of English womanhood that has come and gone so swiftly that only mummification or cold print will ever convince posterity it really existed.

She was one of the few of her sex with the wealth, background, and energy to take full advantage of the victories of the suffragette movement.

Unfettered by the demands of social propriety, she travelled where she liked, met whom she liked, did what she liked. It is unlikely that women will be either rich enough or eager enough to do such things again.

She collected persons and experiences with the relentless purposefulness of someone who was afraid they were suddenly going to run out. Her book fairly bursts with the telling of it all.

Luxury

BARONESS RAVENSDALE, the eldest of three daughters of the 1st Marquis Curzon of Kedleston and his beautiful American wife, was immersed from the cradle in the plush environment of luxury and power.

The family home, Kedleston Hall, built by the Adam brothers, needed 23 servants to look after it. It took five minutes to walk from the servants' hall to the dining-room.

When her father became Viceroy of India in 1898 there was even more comfort. For her mother's bath there was one man to bring the water, another to heat it, a third to pour it, and a fourth to empty it.

She only dimly remembers the famous Delhi Durbar of 1903 which her father organised to celebrate the accession of King Edward VII to the throne.

But she reports that Lord Curzon would not have "Onward Christian Soldiers" sung at the service, because there was a verse in it that ran: "Thrones and

philosophy.

Her own political views are vague but well-meaning. Sometimes it is difficult to know if she intends to be taken seriously. Thus she pays a tribute to the generosity of the Americans during the war, "though their President sternly told them in a Fireside Chat that no one should have more than £2,000 a year free of tax."

Zealous

BUT there is no doubt about the conscientiousness and zeal with which she has devoted herself to an almost incredible number of religious and charitable organizations and committees.

At one dinner to raise support for the British Women's Symphony Orchestra, Sir Thomas Beecham, as guest of honour, launched a tirade on the unsuitability of women's shapewear for certain musical instruments. Infuriated, Dame Ethel Smythe shouted through her ear trumpet: "The man's a cad."

Baroness Ravensdale has packed so much into her life that she has not found it easy to sleep. It is into her neat autobiographical pattern.

But through the haphazard ramblings, the impossible generalisations, the unsubstantiated gossip, can be detected a warm-hearted and sincere woman trying to understand the man's land between the Victorian past and the emancipated future into which Destiny has somewhat harshly dumped her.

If she has not succeeded, there can be no doubt about how hard she has tried.

A QUICK FLIP
ALONG THE SHELVES

THE GINGERBREAD MAN. Richard Parker (Collins, 10s. 6d.).—Nice journalist with strong-willed wife takes kids to Scotland on eve of publication of his exposure of black marketeers. Black marketeers follow. Battle is on. Characterisation excellent. Scenery brilliant. Mr. Parker is tops.

THE SALAMANDER'S SWORD. Laurence Sanders (Collins, 10s. 6d.).—Another journalist, this time on murder assignment. In love with boss's niece, traces disappearing judge to mad French chateau. Characters excellent. Plot highly plausible. Mr. Williams is also on the up and up.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Quiet, Please

BY HARRY WEINERT



THE 'OLD PAL' WHO SOUNDS OFF TO THE LITTLE WOMAN.



IF YOU STOP THEM YOU ARE AN OLD CRANK—IF YOU DON'T, YOU GO NUTS.



THE ONES WHO WENT TO THE COUNTRY FOR PEACE AND QUIET AWAKE AT SIX A.M. TO A BEDLAM OF ROOSTERS, TRUCKS AND TRACTORS, NOT TO MENTION A NEIGHBOR SHINGLING HIS BARN.



BREAKING THE SOUND BARRIER.



SOME FOLKS COULD USE A SOUP SILENCER.



THE SPROUTS ARE IMMUNE TO SOUND—SINCE SCHOOL STARTED.

THE CHINA MAIL'S WEEKEND LOCAL SPORTS PARADE

SOFTBALL PROSPECTS

Wahoos Should Retain Unbeaten Record Tomorrow

By "SNOOPER"

Terry Noronha's six-time champions Wahoos "A", who came up with an overwhelming 14-3 run victory over Chev Tsoi's South China last week to consolidate their position in the Ladies' League circuit, are expected to keep up their unbeaten record against the Chinese Athletic Association in the feature game tomorrow.

In the other encounter, Benita Remedios' Colleens, who gained their third win against the Wahoos "B" last Sunday, face Pearl Chan's much-improved Pandas in what should appear to be a pitching duel between Dolly Norman and May Wu.

Pitcher Terry Noronha, who hasn't lost a game since the League began some six weeks ago, had almost a perfect day when he permitted the Carolines only three hits against seven hits collected from South China's L. S. Yim.

By virtue of their win, the Champion Owls captured their fourth victory straight and are favoured to make it five in a row.

Best player for the Wahoos against the Carolines was Stella Correa who clinched the fourth victory with two good hits and was mainly responsible for no fewer than four runs. Chuchi Campos was also credited with two hits. In a very strong position to retain their title for the seventh time, the Wahoos are the only team to remain unbeaten in the League.

Virgie Ribeiro's Wahoos "B", supposedly a "dead" team according to some observers, struggled off their shrouds, and almost pulled off a sensational upset win over the much-fancied Colleens last Sunday.

Pitcher Evelyn Alonso, who began the day with the big task of fanning out the Colleens, held the opposition scoreless for four innings, but the pressure proved too much for her when she yielded in the last two innings.

BIGGEST TROUBLE

The Colleens ran into their biggest trouble in the third inning when the Wahoos had the bases loaded and one down. Much depended on Valerio Fernandez and Virgie Ribeiro to drive in the runs, but both batters were fanned out by confident Dolly Norman who saved her side from almost certain defeat.

Valerio Fernandez is one player to watch in future games. When the Colleens enter the field tomorrow, it is understood that they will be playing without their star shortstop Sheila Silva, and with the Pandas showing good teamwork, the Colleens are in danger of sustaining their second defeat. Their only loss was to the Wahoos "A" in the official opening game.

Benita Remedios is expected to start Dolly Norman as pitcher against with Alda Oliveira playing behind the plate. A reshuffle in the infield can be expected and there's a possibility that Sally Sun may be posted at second with newcomer Helen Roche at third. Benita herself should be seen at first base.

Available at outfield are Antonia Remedios, Cynthia Taveres, Pamela Hall and Tilly Marques.

The Pandas were at their best against the Chinese Athletic Association, winning by 5-2 a week ago, and it will not be surprising should Pearl Chan field the same line-up against the Colleens.

Playing heads up ball, the Pandas were in sparkling mood

and this column predicts a close and exciting game between two evenly-matched teams, with the outcome of the battle to be decided between pitchers Dolly Norman and May Wu.

HOW THEY STAND

	P. W. L. Aver.
Wahoos "A"	4 4 0 1.000
Colleens	4 3 1 .750
Pandas	4 3 1 .750
South China	4 1 3 .250
Wahoos "B"	4 0 4 .000
CAA	4 0 4 .000

PANDAS V CAA

Jackie Wei's Pandas are out to beat off an all-out attempt by Frank Poon's Chinese Athletic Association in their bid to win the Senior "A" Pennant for the first time.

The game between the Pandas and the CAA, billed for 11 a.m. tomorrow, takes the spotlight in the Senior "A" programme. The other game between South China and the U.S. Navy may feature the welcome return to King's Park of the USS Cockrell ballplayers, who replace the USS Orca.

The CAA's inglorious 4-1 setback last week against the Saints was the latest chapter in their shocking start to the softball season.

It has been obvious that star hurler Tony Kwok was out of form and was quickly transferred to right field. P.C. Wong did a good job on the mound, but nobody could have expected him to carry the CAA to victory. It has now become almost inevitable that Frank Poon must start Tony Kwok against the Pandas tomorrow, for Kwok did much against both the Redskins and the Braves in previous encounters.

CAA UNFORTUNATE

The CAA were unfortunate to lose Kwok in the first inning, but even allowing for this the Saints were much the better side. However, they showed strength in the infield and they displayed plenty of fight.

Frank Poon's probable line-up is as follows: Pitcher—Tony Kwok; Catcher—L. P. Lam; 1st base—C. M. Tsang; 2nd base—K. K. Sum; 3rd base—Seldon Ma; Shortstop—K. T. "Rabbit" Leung; Left-fielder—Y. S. Yeung; Centre-fielder—Lee Poon-hong; Right-fielder—P. C. Wong.

Jackie Wei, pitching for the Pandas, Summer League champions, has found his touch and has been credited with two victories to date over the USS Orca and South China respectively.

Should the Pandas win this "big one" tomorrow, it will be a happy day for their supporters of the Pandas of finishing among the first three in the Senior "A" will increase.

Any Pandas' defeat will leave the Saints and the Braves in an almost unassailable position to clinch the Pennant.

(Continued on Page 17 Col. 7)

Champion Receives His Prize



Mr. B. Haesun, winner of the Colony lawn bowls championship, receiving the Bradbury Cup from Mrs. J. E. Noronha, wife of the Hongkong Lawn Bowls Association President.—Wille's Studio.

FRIENDLY RUGBY ENDS TODAY

By PAK LO

This afternoon Rugger fans will be able to see two very interesting games at the Police Recreation Ground, Boundary Street, Kowloon. Both of these games are "Friendlies". The last of the season in fact, because next week-end brings the beginning of the Pentagonal Tournament.

This, therefore, is the last chance for the various selectors to watch their teams in action, before the season begins in earnest, and, judging by the large number of changes in the teams it is fairly obvious that the selectors are not satisfied with the result of the last few weeks' games.

The first game is between the Club and the Army and the kick off takes place at 3 p.m.

The Club have Henderson and Forsgate playing for them again, and Owen Turville has also returned to the side. At this rate we may even expect to see the return of the "Mighty Minto" who has been doing quite a bit of training lately.

The newcomers to the team are Ewart, Ross, Laville, and mentioned before Turville. This should certainly strengthen the Club three-quarters, but some of the newcomers are a little out of training, and this may tell against a strong team like the Army.

CLUB PACK

The Club pack which has had only one alteration made to it, is still not satisfactory, as their work in the lineouts is still very weak, and they are still inclined to keep the ball in the scrum for too long a period. Neither has Club as yet found a good place kicker, as Craig is not up to his old standard, which is a pity.

The Army have also made changes in their lineup. Four of them are in the three-quarters, and one or two in the pack.

This gives them a very strong and fast pack and this could be the decisive factor in deciding which team will emerge the victors.

The three-quarters, with the exception of Gerrard, the captain, and Brentford, are all newcomers to the team although they have all played in the Inter Unit games. This will, of course, be a disadvantage as they will not be used to each other's play, and in this respect

(Continued on Page 17 Col. 5)

SOCCER'S INTERESTING PHASE

An Incentive For Progress Is Here Once Again

By I.M. MAC TAVISH

Colony football is going through a most interesting phase at the moment and there is surely enough happening to keep everyone interested.....and satisfied.

On Monday we saw a really excellent Poppy Day match between the Combined Services and the Rest of the Colony. Thursday brought the grand opening of the great new South China Stadium when the South China and Army footballers served up a delightful exhibition of pure soccer.....and now to crown a memorable week we have the pleasure of welcoming our renowned Scandinavian guests.....the players and officials of the Djurgardens football team from Sweden.

International competition is, to my mind, the "Champagne Round" of football. Restricted localised opposition can only lead eventually to a hiatus in vital progress and I cannot praise too highly the courage and thoughtful enterprise of the Hongkong Football Association in again bringing the Swedish team to the Colony.

If our soccer is to make progress this is just the sort of incentive it needs for it is only when players can see different interpretations of the skills and frills of the game that a real broadening of soccer outlook can be achieved.

SUMMED UP

Billy Wright of Wolves, as shrewd a tactician as he is an accomplished footballer, summed up this matter very expertly after England's not-too-successful tour of South America last season. He said "We have now got to realise that different countries understand the SAME BASIC SKILLS somewhat differently.....and there is now a lot of evidence that others have hit on an interpretation that is as sound.....and maybe more profitable.....than what we had come to regard as the ONLY interpretation. We must face these facts and be prepared to adapt ourselves to new ideas to counter different opposition."

This is a great admission from a man who has captained England on so many occasions against so many different types of opponents.....but is an utterance which our local players would do well to consider seriously.

The game as played by the top class teams in the Colony is both clever and entertaining.....but it is a definite style based on the acknowledged skill of the Chinese player to control the ball quickly and closely in a way that is often uncanny.

HISTORY DOTTED

Soccer history is dotted with references to such as the Scottish style.....the English style.....the Continental style.....and more recently.....the South American style.....BUT yet prone to be based on the same old and such a blend can only be achieved as the result of wide international competition.

Today we shall see a striking contrast in techniques. The Swedish boys will no doubt favour the fast pass to the man in the open space and a quick shot at goal as soon as the chance arises.

This is the style that has made their country a top-class football power in the postwar years. I have already had the pleasure of seeing some of the Scandinavian teams in action and a few years ago I had the opportunity of playing alongside them while he was working in England.....so I am already a confessed admirer of their style of play.

THE CHANCES

What then are our chances in the three games that have been arranged?

My view is that we shall have our best chances to pull out a victory in either the first or last game. I have heard some criticism of the teams, but I consider that the Selection Committees have done well.....and I feel that any criticism must be tinged with partisan loyalties.

The All Hongkong team for today's game looks just about the very best that could have been chosen. Granger, the Army goalkeeper, is without doubt the right man in the right place. His recent displays have thrilled friend and foe alike.....and the Chinese fans, who know a good keeper when they see one.....have shown clearly what they think of his work.

If the back division of "Flash Harry and Corporal Wells" plays as selected, they are good enough to grace any team anywhere.....but I believe that there is considerable doubt as to whether Wells will be fit or not. If they do play together they must curb their mutual desire to advance too far up the field.....or the clever Swedes

will make them pay dearly for their wanderings. Ko Po-keung is away out on his own as first choice for the pivot berth, and with clubmate Tong Shueung on one side and KMB's Tang Sum on the other we have just about our best half-back line.

I was glad to see Au Chi-yin back in favour, for he is the most dangerous centre-forward I have seen so far this season. He is a great team man and he will get good support from the two brilliant South China boys, Lee Yui-tak and Yui Cheuk-yin, who are on his right and left respectively.

The biggest threat to the visitors may come from the wings where we have Chu Wing-keung and the "Mighty Atom", Mok Chun-wah. When this diminutive winger finds the power for these tremendous shots I just don't know.....but I DO know that goalkeeper Granger already classes him as one of the best wingers he has ever played against, and that is praise indeed from a man who plays regularly in the English League.

DUE WARNING

No sports writer would be foolish enough to attempt to make a firm forecast of a game like this when he has not seen one of the teams in action, and I will go no further than saying this.....the Djurgardens team may beat us, but if they do, I shall be the first to acclaim them.....for they will have beaten the best we have to offer.....but I warn them.....this team of ours will fight every inch of the way.....every minute of the game.

The prospects for tomorrow's game must, naturally, be less rosy from our point of view, but nevertheless the team as chosen has every chance of surprising their opponents.....many of whom will be having their second hard game in two days.

I was delighted to find that Chang Wing-chol, Kwong Wah's acrobatic goalkeeper, had been given the vital last line for this match. He is a real personality and on the occasions I have seen him in action I have been most impressed with his work.....particularly do I remember his display against the RAF earlier in the season.....it was first class.

Hennihall is still a great defender and around him he will have support of the highest order. I consider however, that the selection of Dalziel, the RAF's Flying Scotsman, in this forward line is a gamble.....and that is not a criticism of the airman for whom I have the highest regard.....but he is essentially a fast open player and this forward line as constituted must naturally favour a close, intricate type of game.

Dalziel richly deserves the honour that has been conferred on him, but the selectors should have given him the type of support that would have got the best out of him without having to change his natural style. I hope that I am proved wrong in this opinion, but that is how it looks to me at the moment.

It is good to see that Ho Cheung-yau has been selected for this game. He is a youthful prospect of almost unlimited potentiality and the timely experience which he is being given against international opposition will help him toward an earlier football maturity.

BEST OF THE LOT?

The third match of the series, when the visitors tackle the Combined Chinese, may well be the best of the lot from a spectators' point of view as we shall be seeing typical local soccer pitted against the fast open methods of the Swedish team.

This game could be worth going miles to see and if the early breaks go the right way it could be a great step into the international limelight for the Hongkong boys.

Crucial Cricket Matches

By "The Zombie"

Two crucial matches will highlight this week-end's cricket league programme.

Added interest will be the fact that both these matches will be between the two Services, Army and R.A.F.

Army who are at the top of the league table at the moment in both the senior and junior divisions will be at home to the airmen in the senior match and away to them in the junior encounter.

The senior clash should see an interesting tussle between two of the best bowling sides in the Colony, with Army enjoying a slight advantage in this department with their better knowledge of what their own wicket can and cannot do.

BOWLING STRENGTH
Despite the bowling strength of both teams, the scoring may still be high as the Sookunpo wicket is essentially a batting wicket and can sometimes be heart-rending to even the Colony's best bowlers.

Downing's usefulness on such a wicket and the slight batting superiority of the soldiers will most likely carry them through, unless Armstrong and Kettlewell can run up big individual scores.

At Kai Tak, the still unbeaten Army second XI will face their strongest opposition so far when they clash with the current title holders, R.A.F.

The airmen, who are now third on the league-table, may not be as strong as they were last year, but they still a side that is not incapable of finishing up at the head of the division.

SEVERE SETBACK

Although the champions suffered a severe setback in their opening match, when they surprisingly went down to the unpredictable Navy XI, they have not only gathered form but their last few matches have also been greatly strengthened by the inclusion of F/O Lee, Tennants and Mills.

Barnett is coming back well into batting form and although they may not be able to stop the winning streak of the Army's greatly superior all-rounder, they may come very close to it this afternoon. Among the other first division matches, that between HKCC "Optimists" and KCC at Chater Road may provide a close finish.

Much of the issue on this match will depend on the loss.

IMPROVING

While the Optimists are getting back most of the last year's players and improving in form, the Kowloonites have been slipping back further and further during their last few matches.

The need of one or two more "anchor batsmen" by the KCC side has grown more and more evident as the season progresses. Should KCC bat first, a win for the Optimists is likely.

Early declaration by the Optimists may be necessary if they should bat first and want to force a win.

Scorpions should be able to bring home full points from their match against Navy at King's Park, but the match between the two traditional rival clubs IRC and CCC will, I am afraid, end in a drawn match if the Indians bat first.

Inability to score fast enough is one of the greatest weaknesses of the Indian team and unless they can improve in this department, they are likely to have a number of drawn games chalked against them this season.

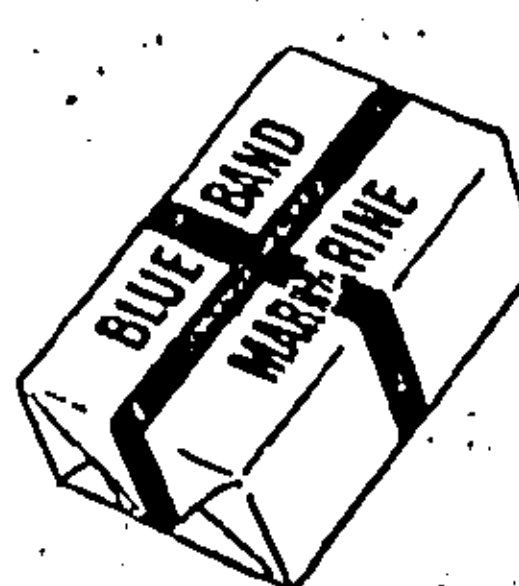
BATTING AVERAGES (Qualification — 100 runs)

	No. of Innings	N.O.	I.S.	Runs	Average
I. Stanton (Scorpions)	5	1	91	182	48.5
LAC Armstrong (RAF)	5	2	75	135	45
T. A. Pearce (Scorpions)	3	0	79	127	42.3
A. R. Kitchell (IRC)	4	1	58	121	40.3
G. A. Souza (CCC)	5	0	48	101	38.2
Lt. Agar (Navy)	3	0	80	114	38
H. Owen-Hughes (Scorpions)	5	0	57	104	34.7
T. G. C. Knight (Scorpions)	5	1	95	103	32.6
Lt. De Cruz (Army)	5	1	90	124	31.0

BOWLING AVERAGES (Qualification — 10 wickets)

	O.	M.	R.	W.	Average
Cpl Dowd (Army)	44	7	140	23	6.1
A. P. Peri (a Recreation)	40	6	93	13	7.07
G. N. Gosano (Recreation)	50.5	17	110	10	9
T. P. Mahon (Optimists)	20.5	7	118	13	9.07
LAC Hornham (RAF)	40.4	0	208	21	9.8
J. C. Koi (IRC)	45.4	5	202	10	12.6
S. M. Teh (HKU)	07.4	10	280	18	15.5
I. Stanton (Scorpions)	34.5	3	188	11	17.1

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ARMY v. FOOTBALL ASSN XI



The Army were defeated by 3 goals to 1 in their representative match with the Football Association at Newcastle. Bowman (No. 4), the Army right half, gains possession of the ball off the heel of Gordon (white shirt), the F.A. inside right. Hopking (No. 3), the Army left back, helps Fraser, the Army goalkeeper, to defend the goal.

Famous Sports Stars I Have Met

By ARCHIE QUICK

London, Nov. 13. Way back in 1912 a sixteen-year-old boy startled the cricketing world by scoring a century in his first county cricket match for Worcestershire and then astounded the fraternity by capturing six wickets at cheap cost in his second senior game.

By the end of that first summer he had scored four separate hundreds and posted the thousand aggregate mark.

In 1913 and 1914 he made steady progress at his profession and a new star had been born. A brilliant Test future was forecast for him.

MALICIOUS FATE
Alas, a malicious fate awaited him, for in the Kaiser's War he lost an arm in France—and so Frank Chester became a first class umpire. Now, at the age of 57, he is still a first class umpire, universally regarded as the best the game has known.

To cricket Frank Chester is what Joe Davis is to snooker, Henry Cotton to golf and Sir Gordon Richards to the turf.

He is an autocrat who will brook no argument over his decisions, and I like to excuse the rancour he sometimes exhibits as bitterness for being actively divorced from the game he loves.

Frank, who lives at Bushey (Herts), is a keen horticulturalist, has a special dislike for Australian cricketers—on the field of course, not personally—and he sometimes allows the pleasure he feels at giving one of them out to show itself.

RECENT INCIDENT
There was a recent incident in the last Test at the Oval when he not only put up his finger, the official sign of dismissal, but he crooked his thumb over his shoulder as well.

Lindsay Hassett did not like it and said so.

But all cricketers bow to his great knowledge of the game and at the impartial, accurate and speedy way in which he interprets the Laws.

He was even invited and accepted an umpiring tour of the Argentine, the only Briton ever to do so.

Chester has just completed writing a book, and I happen to know that at the opening there is a sensational passage concerning Sir Donald Bradman.

WAS NATURAL
It was natural that two such personalities should clash, and Frank says he has not been as happy at the way "The Don" has treated him on the field from time to time.

Anyway, after what Sidney Barnes has said in his recent book about his fellow-countrymen I don't suppose they will worry much over the milder attack of Chester's.

Chester wants to carry on until he is sixty.

He has just been made a Vice-President of the newly-formed Umpires' Association, and all his brother umpires look up to him for guidance.

There is no reason why he should not continue until beyond sixty although his health just now is not of the best.

Is it cricket?

Born the other day. Somebody who won't ever, ever qualify to play cricket for Yorkshire. Though you can't say that the father, theatrical manager Henry ("Dial M" for Murder") Sherwood didn't try.

Determined that his offspring should play his favourite county, Henry sent his wife to a nursing home in Yorkshire. Her baby was born.

Yes. A girl.

More About The Wong Controversy

(Continued from Page 16)

B.A.M. who has now no jurisdiction over them.

In this contention I am inclined to agree with Wong and from these facts it seems that the B.A.M. is in a rather peculiar position.

It cannot impose penalties on players who are not directly or indirectly affiliated to it, and if they cannot impose any penalties on these players, then as far as Hongkong is concerned there are no penalties whatever which need mutual recognition by them.

The I.B.F. rules do not state that a National Organisation cannot play against unaffiliated teams, and even allow each National Organisation to make its own rulings regarding matches and tournaments in which both amateurs and professionals may participate.

Devlin was a professional when he toured Malaya in 1938 and played against the amateur champions of each state.

SEEMS ILLOGICAL

There has been some talk that should a cable come from the B.A.M. asking the HKBA to blacklist the touring players, when the privately sponsored Hongkong team is away in Taiwan a cable should be despatched to the Hongkong players forbidding them to play against the Malayan players.

This seems to be rather illogical.

In the first place the Hongkong players will be in Taiwan as guests of the Far Eastern Olympic Council, and secondly they are going there at their own expense, which comes to quite a sizeable amount.

It is not likely that the B.A.M. can take any other action except stopping the touring players from participating in tournaments run by their affiliated bodies or from international competitions in which Malaya takes part or instruct their affiliated clubs to blacklist these players.

AMPLE NOTICE

Should the B.A.M. desire the co-operation of the HKBA in any other steps they may wish to take with regard to the games

in Taiwan, they must at least give the HKBA ample notice, or else it has a perfect right to reply that the request came too late as the Hongkong players are already in Taiwan.

Whatever the decision the HKBA may arrive at in their own discretion of the request by Wong and his team in playing a few matches here, let us hope that the local sports public will not be deprived of the pleasure of seeing not only Wong in action but also the next three topmost shuttlers in Malaya today, Lim Kien-sun, Abdullah Piruz and Cheong Hock-leng. Wong has done a great deal to popularise the game here and to show the five points of the game and there is no doubt that further games by him and his team-mates will add further incentive to the game here.

WEEK-END SOFTBALL

TODAY

Junior Division

2.30 p.m. Cubs v. 25 Gunners (Umpire—Frank Poon, and Two Chinese Athletic Association players)

2.30 p.m. Pandas v. Comets (Umpires—D. S. Ling, T. Roy Jr., and I. Colloco)

4 p.m. P.I. Dodgers v. CAA (1) (Umpires—S. H. Harnet, C. Yen, D. Fong)

SUNDAY

Ladies' League
9.30 a.m. Pandas v. Collets (Umpire—Fred Diesta, T. Tams, M. Ferras)

9.30 a.m. CAA v. Wahoos "A" (Umpires—P. Macrae, R. Lang, R. Honnball)

Senior "A"

11 a.m. Pandas v. CAA (Umpires—H. Wing Lee, Art Ozorio, J. Carvalho)

2 p.m. South China v. Navy (Umpires—Mario Peretru, Bob Suzman, Y. S. Liang)

Senior "B"

3.30 p.m. Americans v. Hongkong University.

Sid Barnes Stirs Up Another Mighty Row

By BERTRAM JONES

Sydney.

The most controversial character in sport has done it again. Sidney G. Barnes is the name—the fightingest, hit-'em-for-six Aussie who ever played a bat to ball on the world's cricket stage.

Since he forsook taxi-driving in Sydney as a 20-year-old youngster to become one of the world's great batsmen Barnes has been called many things. "The Problem," they labelled him. The Stormy Petrel. The controversial. . . . Irrepressible. . . . wisecracker. . . . the comedian.

Barnes got used to being called names. Now he has written a book called "Eyes on the Ashes."

Because of what he has written some Australian cricketers are calling him "a squealer." And that, in Australia, is a very, very horrible word.

According to Barnes the Australians should have won the Test series. They didn't, he says, because their morale was low, the management was faulty, the players were weak, and "junkies" got in the way of the victory.

By name he attacks the Australian captain Lindsay Hassett who he announced his retirement, and the all-rounder Keith Miller.

THAT DRAW

His attack on Hassett is based in the main on the match with Warwickshire, just before the Final Test at the Oval.

The Australians were left with 160 to score for victory in 170 minutes. They did not go for the runs. The match was drawn, Barnes says.

So we find this mighty stormy petrel, dipping his inky quill against the inconsequential Warwickshire and playing with the tactics and tenacity which would scarcely be approved in a final Test match.

What a travesty of sportsmanship that is. What a denial of the ideal of cricket. By these mischievous means Australia was able to hang on and hold Warwickshire to a dishonourable draw.

What does Lindsay Hassett say to this? He offers one sentence: "Only Sid Barnes could write it—and he must have been on a different tour."

THAT DERBY

Barnes attacks Miller for his conduct in several matches, but especially in the Fifth Test.

"When Miller was given out lb.w. to Bailey for 1, Miller spat to the umpire on the way out. Regardless of whatever he may have said it was definitely wrong of Miller to have spoken to the umpire at all in the circumstances."

"I agree it was only a small matter, and some might accuse me of witch-hunting. But take the sum of these small incidents and you have, I assert, a cricketer of irritating and unsportsmanlike behaviour."

What does Miller say to this? He says plenty. His reply is headed: "Barnes the Squealer." Because, says Miller, he is the only Australian to squeal against the loss of the Ashes.

Miller goes on: "Barnes accuses me of absconding myself from matches during big race meetings. I am keen on horse-racing and in my matches off-which I am surely allowed—I did go to race meetings."

"Barnes says I quarrelled with umpires who had given me out. I guess I would know at least as much about sportsmanship and ethics as Sid Barnes."

Miller and Barnes fall out too on the question of nights out for the Australian team.

On this, Miller gets sarcastic. "The team went to a show, then to a night club—for a meal. I hope Mr Barnes realises you can also eat at such places," he says.

THAT THEORY

Another Miller crack at Barnes is this: "Mr Barnes has a theory which he has often expressed to me—'Keep your name in front of the public no matter how.' And that goes even if it means verbally assailing friends."

Well, if Miller is right, Barnes is certainly keeping his name on the public's lips.

Everyone is talking about him today—except for one group. Members of the Australian Board of Control (which picks the Test team) declined to comment.

All unwittingly, they could be said to have started something. For they dropped Barnes from the 1953 side—and so made it possible for him to report the Test.

(London Express Service)

Friendly Rugby Ends Today

(Continued from Page 16)

become rather loose in their passing.

They have of course lost the services of Agar, who left the Colony within the last fortnight but have only made three changes from their winning team of a fortnight ago.

The newcomers are Ramshaw, Edwards, and Parker. This leaves the pack practically unchanged and they should therefore get the lion's share of the ball from the scrums, and should be able to take it across the Police-men's line.

RELIED UPON

Although the R.A.F. should win the Police can always be relied upon to keep on trying hard until the whistle goes for the side, and it would certainly boost their morale no end could they overcome this very strong team. But before they do so they must practise tackling low, as they are very weak in this department.

For those who live in Hongkong and do not wish to traverse the harbour there is a game between the Club "B" XV and the Land Forces H. Q. at Shekwan at 4 p.m.

The Club "B" have already beaten the H. Q. this season, and this time they have a really first class team, as many of those who have been dropped from the 1st XV are joining the side.

This means for that harassed captain "Muscles" Russell, a sudden influx of offers to play with the result that for once he has been able to select a side instead of frantically trying to find enough men to make up a XV.

So much so that I understand that he has decided that those who do not play in Saturday's game will be given a chance to play on the following Wednesday.

The Club "B" pack has settled down fairly well and all the changes in the team have been made in the three-quarter line with the result that the H. Q. will find themselves faced by a solid pack and a very fast three line.

The only fault with the Club "B" pack is the same fault that troubles the 1st team, namely lack of training, and wind.

H. Q. have a heavy pack, but lack support in their back line, and should lose to the Club without disgrace.

THE TEAMS

Club: Henderson, Ewart, Turville, Craig, Layton, Ross, Leader, Jarrold, Laville, Barker, Douglas, Farquharson, Petrie, Lambert, Forrester.

Army: from—Hoskins, Powne, Gerrard, Dangerfield, Paine, Brentford, Argyle, Daniel, Eve, Excell, Davies, Leonard, Farthing, Gibson, Hoach, Whitehead, Gunton.

Police: Gunstone, MacNiven; Burgess, Russell, Nash, Brown, Leighton, Perry, Russell, Long, Harris, Dirkin, Bryan, Carpenter, Reynolds.

R.A.F.: Hunt, Elderclinton, Parker, Chapman, James, Sutcliffe, Milne, Davis, Clayton, Edwards, Davidson, Griffin, Ramshaw, D. Davie, Hewitt.

Club "B" from—Bell, Cole, Macfarlane, Inglis, Baird, Kirkwood, Watson, Roberts, Flaxman, Pink, Rankin, Wilson, Berger, Dillworth, Leighton, Russell.

Land Forces H.Q.—MacKinnon, Brechtley, Kimberston, Gibson, White, Irvine, McArthur, McPherson, Bell, Port, Fairbrother, Hinchey, Hudson, Williams.

Wahoos Should Remain Unbeaten

(Continued from Page 16)

Jackie Wei is expected to go the distance in his third outing for the Pandas.

Barring last-minute changes, the following is the Pandas' line-up against the CAA:—

Pitcher—Jackie Wei; Catcher—Raymond Tsao; 1st base—Harold Ong; 2nd base—Willie Woo; 3rd base—Wally Mo; Shortstop—Y. S. Liang; Left-fielder—F. Cheng; Centre-fielder—S. S. Lau; Right-fielder—P. H. Chen.

AMERICANS FAVOURED

Two wireless teams will be all out to score their maiden win in the first round clash in the only game of the Senior "B" League week-end programme.

Bob Suzman's Americans have produced mediocre softball in their previous games, but will be given some chance of beating the Hongkong University to halt their losing streak.

It is strongly rumoured that both Jack Bordwell and Claude Pugh are back in town and may make a welcome re-appearance for the Yanks.

It will be remembered that with Jack Bordwell pitching for the Americans, Bob Suzman's boys have whipped some of the leading teams in the Colony. The inclusion of Claude Pugh in the Yanks' line-up will no doubt boost the strength of the infield.

The undergraduates of Pokfulam, despite two setbacks, have displayed some improvement with pitcher C. W. taking the spotlight in his last appearance. Wei showed he has good control and with more competitive experience should make much progress in the game.

Not all the undergrads are newcomers. Michael Omond, ex-Delaware, has figured prominently in some big time games in past seasons while Mike McDougall has represented St. Teresa's.

In addition, the University has Reggie Viera and G. Da Rosa, formerly of St. Teresa's. Other members of the team include catcher H. Tang, second baseman Tang Kwong-hung, Shortstop H. Kwan, left-fielder G. Tong, and right-fielder T. Wu.

TODAY'S GAMES

Topping today's three Junior games is the one between Fred Yeo and 2nd base—W. Lee. 3rd base—S. Tai; Shortstop—H. Chai; Left-fielder—M. Wang; Centre-fielder—P. Zee; Right-fielder—Bush.

The Pandas' last week post-mitting their opponents to tally 12 runs in the initial inning. It was obviously one of their off-days but unless pitcher Cooper is able to find his stride, an upset win is next unlikely.

Probable line-ups are—25 Gunners: Pitcher—David Cooper; Catcher—A. Fuller; 1st base—C. McAulay; 2nd base—B. Turnbull; 3rd base—D. Wall; Shortstop—F. Hale; Left-fielder—F. Wadsworth; Centre-fielder—W. Harrison; Right-fielder—D. Andrews.

The Cubs—Pitcher—A. Yen; Catcher—A. Owen; 1st base—J. Yeo; 2nd base—W. Lee; 3rd base—S. Tai; Shortstop—H. Chai; Left-fielder—M. Wang; Centre-fielder—P. Zee; Right-fielder—Bush.

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

FOURTH RACE MEETING

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club) Saturday, 21st November, 1953.

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 8 RACES

The First Race will be run at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2 p.m.

The Secretary's office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED. All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each are obtainable through the Secretary on the written or personal introduction of a Member, such member to be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Timings will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seven years, Western standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each payable at the Gate. Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS AND REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employer's boxes except for passing things on the duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths in the Members' Betting Hall.

CASH SWEEPS

The cost of a Through Ticket is \$10.00. Through Tickets reserved for this meeting but not paid for by 10 a.m. on Friday, 20th November, will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future meetings.

Cash Sweep Tickets on the last race of the Meeting at \$2.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), 5, D'Almeida Street and 382 Nathan Road, until 11 a.m. on Saturday, 21st November.

Attention is drawn to an amendment to the Rules for Cash Sweeps whereby Prizes of \$2,000 each will be paid to holders of tickets on unplaced entered ponies, whether Starters or not, but only in the case of Cash Sweeps on the last race when tickets are on sale prior to the day of the race.

There will be a Special Cash Sweep on the Pearce Memorial Cup to be run on 30th January, 1954. The cost of each ticket is \$2.00.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENT WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tie Tac men, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards, H. MISA, Secretary.

THE GAMBOLS

by Barry Appleby

THE WEEK BEFORE LAST

GEORGE, DEAR YOU MUST GET YOUR HAIR CUT

LAST WEEK GEORGE, YOUR HAIR WANTS CUTTING

TODAY HAVE YOU SEEN THESE SCISSORS THAT MAKE CUTTING HAIR SO SIMPLE—WHY I COULD CUT YOUR HAIR I THINK OF THE MONEY WE'D SAVE

BARBER

BIRDS EYE FROZEN FOODS at THE DAIRY FARM

BIRDS EYE

POP

HE'S GOT IT BADLY!

WELL—WHAT AIN'T THE FELLOW?

—IT'S WRITTEN! ALL OVER HIM!

Old trouble

I LOVE MYSELF

CUTTING HAIR SO SIMPLE—WHY I COULD CUT YOUR HAIR I THINK OF THE MONEY WE'D SAVE

BARBER

BIRDS EYE FROZEN FOODS at THE DAIRY FARM

BIRDS EYE

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SAILINGS TO		
"HUNAN"	Tientsin	10 a.m. 18th Nov.
"YUNNAN"	Shanghai	10 a.m. 18th Nov.
ARRIVALS FROM		
"YUNNAN"	Shanghai	10th Nov.
"HUNAN"	Tientsin	16/17th Nov.
"SZECHUEN"	Singapore	17th Nov.

A.O. LINE LTD./C.N. CO., LTD., JOINT SERVICE

SAILINGS TO		
"TAIPING"	Sydney	21st Nov.
ARRIVALS FROM		
"TAIPING"	Kobe	19th Nov.

BLUE FUNNEL LINE

Scheduled sailings to Europe via Aden & Port Said		
Sails	Load	Sails
"BELLEROPHON"	Liverpool & Dublin	23rd Nov.
"MENTOR"	Göteborg, London, Rotterdam, Amsterdam & Hamburg	23rd Nov.
"PATROCLUS"	Marseilles, Liverpool & Glasgow	24th Nov.
"ANTIOCHUS"	Liverpool & Glasgow	24th Nov.
"CYCLOPS"	Liverpool & Dublin	24th Nov.

Arrives Hong Kong		
Sails	Load	Sails
G. "PATROCLUS"	Liverpool	17th Nov.
G. "ANTIOCHUS"	Sailed	24th Nov.
G. "CYCLOPS"	do	30th Nov.
G. "PATROCLUS"	do	8th Dec.
G. "ANTIOCHUS"	do	14th Dec.
G. "CYCLOPS"	do	20th Dec.
G. "PATROCLUS"	do	7th Jan.

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Sails N.Y.	Sails S.F.	Arr. H.K.
"BENARES"	Sailed	10th Nov.
"AJAX"	do	4th Dec.
"HAINAN"	do	15th Nov.
"AGAMEMNON"	do	2nd Dec.
"DONA AURORA"	25th Nov.	17th Dec.

SAILING FOR NEW YORK, via SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES & CRISTOBAL.

Sails	Load	Sails
"TELEMACHUS"	19th Nov.	20th Nov.
"DONA NATI"	4th Dec.	20th Dec.
"BENARES"	15th Dec.	20th Dec.

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Tathay Pacific Airways Ltd.

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HK/Hongkong/Singapore	(DC-4) 11:00 a.m. Tue. Fri.	3:45 p.m. Wed. Sat.
HK/Hongkong/Singapore	(DC-4) 11:00 a.m. Wed. Fri.	3:45 p.m. Thu. Sat.
HK/Hongkong/Singapore	(DC-4) 11:00 a.m. Sat.	4:30 p.m. Sun.

All the above subject to Alteration without notice.

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the BOYS and GIRLS PAGE

WHO'S A WINDOWPANE?

Go Away, You E-Flat Instep, Let Mum and Dad Get 3D

By ANN WINTERBOTHAM

WHEN it comes to jive talk my Mum and Dad are a real "Square". Now I have a great deal of respect for my parents, but they just aren't "hep". They go around the house using expressions like "the cat's meow," and "23 skiddoo," and the rest of the talk of the twenties. No doubt I should speak in short sentences and explain the jive talk as I go along, so they can dig it.

"What do you mean, 'It fractures me'?" Dad asked. "Are you sick, or do you have the blues?"

"No, it means you're gone; you kill me; it's frantic," I tried to explain.

Perfect Rectangle

"Gone? Frantic? I don't get it," he said as he scratched the place where he used to have hair.

"Dad," I said, patiently, "you're really tops. But you're a square, a perfect rectangle, and I don't mean 3-D."

"You wow me, kiddo. Twenty-three skiddoo!" Pa came back. "Toot another licorice stick, bang on 88, beat some skins or climb on a doghouse, but don't try to sweet-talk me. I'm too hep for that!"

"Are you telling me to take a long walk on a short pier?"

"You don't dig it? Well, you're sounding like vinegar, yourself. What I mean, your G-sharp is flat."

"You must mean, I'm fractured," Dad was trying to dig me, but I just wasn't getting through to him.

"You're not fractured. You're jiveless. You're a lonesome windowpane."

"Ah! You mean square?" This pop of mine is almost hep.

"Natch," I replied.

That's the way it goes. Our parents just don't take time to get hep. Next time your parents ask what you're saying, let them dig the set of definitions. These are in modern terms and some are translated into the talk of the twenties.

BOP: Modern music, progressive jazz.

CRAZY: Big or different, up-town or snazzy.

DIG: Understand or see; Dad said, "pipe that," or "get a load out of that."

DIXIELAND: Old-fashioned pop, known as ragtime.

DOGHOUSE: Buss. Addie known as a coffin in days of yore.

DOWNBEAT: Basic reality, "It's like this, Bow."

E-FLAT INSTEP: A worm, or "heal," also called a wolf.

FRACUTE: To send; "give a big kick" to wow.

FRANTIC: Superior to best, the cat's meow as the old folks say.

GEORGE, Okay, "I getcha." It also means "on the nose."

GO: Start sending; "take the lead out of your pockets."

GONE: The greatest, tops.

Knows His Stuff

HEP: "Greatness and goodness," "knows his stuff," or "A-1."

HEP CAT: A philosopher of the down-beat, a cake-eater or a flapper, to be obsolescent.

HORN: Trumpet; a wah-wah in the gay twenties.

JIVE: Rhythm, sometimes music. The difference between five and pop is fine and technical, but generally described as being the difference between improvising and sticking to the arrangement. Jive is more like the old-time "jam session."

JIVE-TALK: King Cole's English, faintly synonymous with "hep."

KILROY: Means the same as Elmer, whatever that means. "Kilroy was here" and "Where's Elmer?" have no definition.

LICORICE STICK: Chirinet, a "Ted-Lewis's cane," in Dad's day.

Chirpie Sparrow Is Hungry

—He's Not Sure If He Had Breakfast or Not—

By MAX TRELL

CHIRPIE SPARROW alighted on the garden wall where Knarf and Hand, the shadow children with the turned-about names, were sitting. "I don't suppose," he said to them, "that you've eaten your breakfast?"

"Oh, yes, Chirpie, we have eaten our breakfast," said Hand. "I don't suppose," Chirpie said again, "that you had any of your breakfast left over?"

Every Last Crumb

Knarf and Hand shook their heads.

"We ate it all," said Knarf.

"Every last crumb?" said Chirpie.

"Every single last crumb," said Hand. "Why do you ask, Chirpie?"

"It's not very important," said Chirpie, "only I was supposing as I flew over here that maybe you hadn't had your breakfast yet, so that I could tell you to save a crumb or two for me. But I see that I was supposing all wrong."

"My goodness, didn't you have any breakfast this morning?" Hand asked.

"I certainly do," agreed Chirpie. "There's nothing like waking up in the morning and having breakfast. Well, I guess I'd better forget breakfast and start thinking about lunch."

With that, Chirpie hopped over to the end of the wall and stood with his head under his wing. Finally Knarf called over to ask him what he was doing.

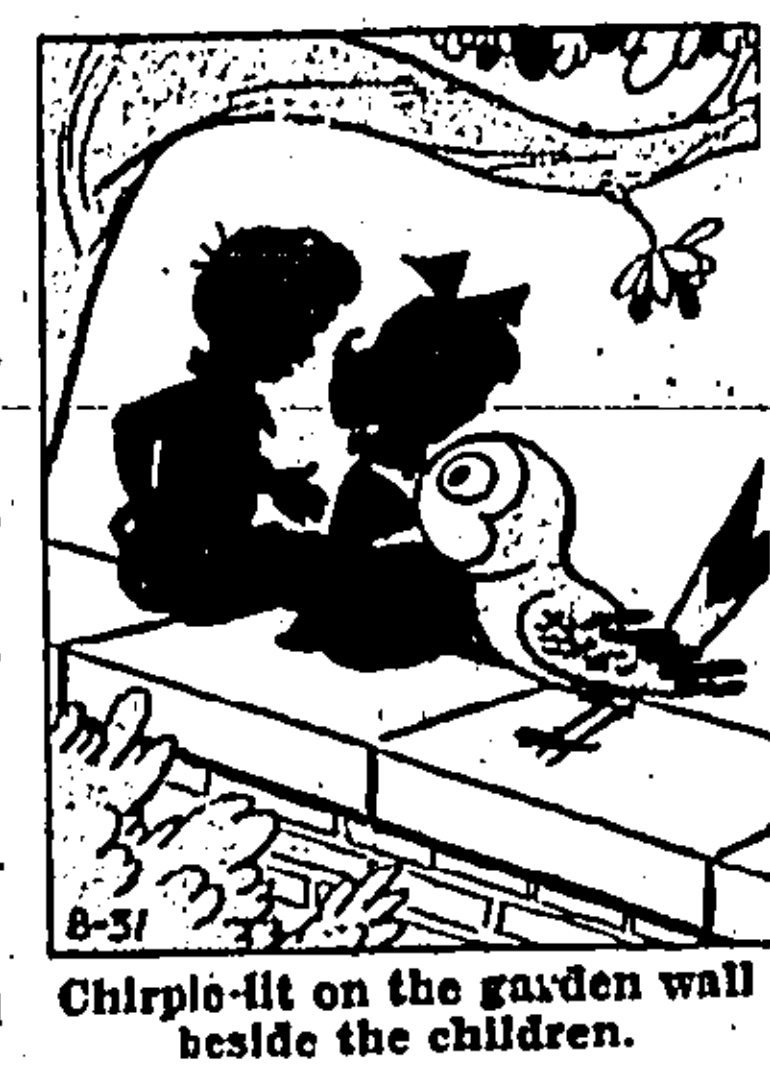
Went on Thinking

"Just what I said," replied Chirpie, taking his head out from under his wing. "I'm thinking about lunch." Then he put his head under his wing again and went on thinking.

Knarf looked at Hand, and Hand looked at Knarf. Then both of them nodded and slipped down from the wall without a sound. Chirpie didn't notice them as they ran silently across the garden and into the house.

They returned a few minutes later. They climbed back on the wall and sat in their old places. "Chirpie," said Hand.

Chirpie looked out from under his wing. "Yes?"



Chirpie sits on the garden wall beside the children.

"Are you still thinking about lunch?"

"Yes," said Chirpie. "Why do you ask?"

"Have you thought where you're going to get it?" asked Knarf.

"No," said Chirpie. "I've been thinking and thinking but I can't think where I'll get any lunch. I guess I'd better forget about lunch, too, just as I forgot about breakfast."

Then Knarf and Hand laughed and shouted: "We've got your lunch! Look!"

And Knarf took a handful of bread crumbs out of his pants' pocket, and Hand took a handful of cake crumbs out of her apron pocket.

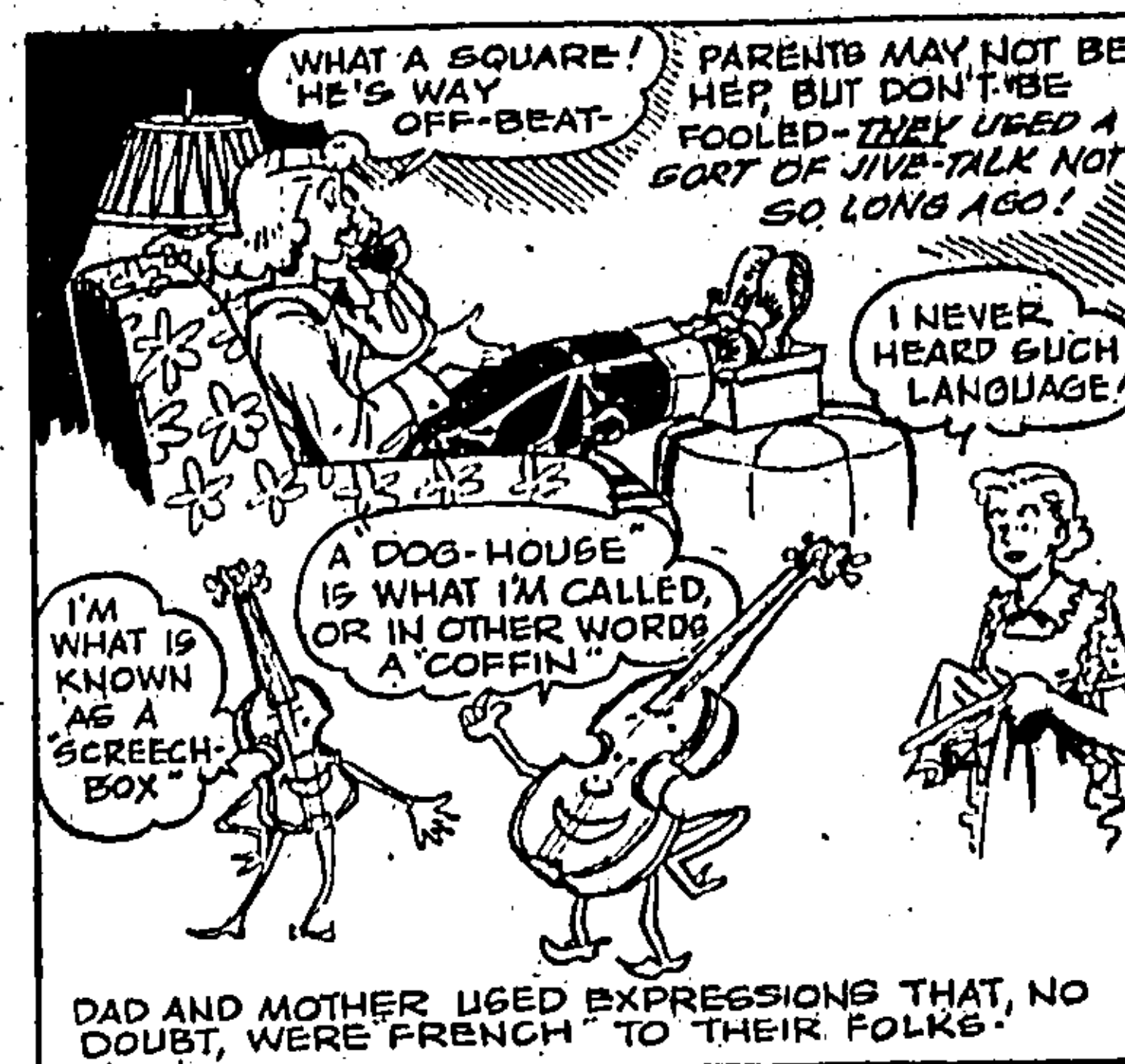
He Could Hardly Speak.

"It's all for you, dear," Hand said.

Chirpie was so astonished and so happy that he could hardly speak. But when he did he said: "It's more than lunch! It's breakfast, too! And there's enough for supper! Oh, you're both wonderful!"

Then he swallowed every crumb. And when he was finished, he said the song for Knarf and Hand:

I wish I knew where bread crumbs grow, Or maybe they don't grow, But anyway I'd like to say That I would like three times a day Not meat Not soup Not tomatoes Not fish or chicken or rolls or buns But just some crumbs old bread crumbs.



NERVOUS: Inferior to superior, but still pretty good.

OFF-BEAT: Missing a few; "23 skiddoo."

ON-BEAT: Not missing a thing. Dad would say an on-beat "knows his stuff."

PASSION-FIT: A drive-in theatre Dad didn't have them.

SCREECH-BOX: Violin; a "cat wailer."

SEND: Producing a warm glow or satisfaction; "hot," "wallop," or as Pop would say, "it makes a bulldog bite its chain."

SKINS: Drums "variety counter" in the days when they played cowbells.

SMOOTHING: Getting caddy. Dad called it "sparkling."

SOLID: Very fine; known long ago as gorgeous, divine.

SQUARE: One who disagrees. A square can be hep, but he doesn't read. Dad might call him a spoolster, or a country cousin. Mum would call her a hag, or Dumb Dora.

SWEET TALK: Impressing with words. In the old days they called it bull.

SWOONED: Breathing, "oh you kid," or "my shiek."

THREE-D: Solid, "on the ball."

VINEGAR: Sour or off-beat, "dumb."

WINDOWPANE: An obvious square; "stoop" (short for stupid).

It is interesting to note that we hopsters have yet to coin a word for money. Ah, well, maybe we'll dig some of the stuff some day.

GAME WITH WORDS: STORYBOOK QUIZ

FOR this week we have made up 20 questions about book and story characters. You have three choices. Circle each correct answer. This is a good game to play with a group of friends.

1. Cinderella married a: A. prince; B. king; C. duke.
2. The Tortoise won a race from the Hare because: A. the Tortoise was swifter; B. the Hare boasted too much; C. the Hare took a nap.
3. Heidi lived in: A. Holland; B. Switzerland; C. Germany.
4. Pandora brought trouble into the world by: A. telling a lie; B. opening a box; C. running away.
5. Red Riding Hood got into trouble because: A. she disobeyed her mother; B. she went to her grandmother's house; C. she wore a red hood.
6. The peaceful Ferdinand was a: A. deer; B. kid; C. bull.
7. Robin Hood lived in a: A. cave; B. forest; C. mountain.
8. Doctor Doolittle always travelled with: A. animals; B. medicines; C. his family.
9. Pegasus was a: A. horse; B. dog; C. man.
10. Snow White lived with: A. 3 dwarfs; B. 7 dwarfs; C. 12 dwarfs.
11. The Pied Piper led rats into a: A. forest; B. mountain; C. river.
12. Huckleberry Finn's friend was: A. Jim; B. Tom; C. Sam.
13. The colour of Moby Dick was: A. black; B. gray; C. white.
14. Rip Van Winkle slept in the Catskills for: A. 20; B. 30; C. 40 years.
15. King Midas was able to turn everything he touched to: A. silver; B. gold; C. something alive.
16. Robinson Crusoe lived: A. in Sherwood Forest; B. in the Alps Mountains; C. on a desert island.
17. One of King Arthur's knights was: A. Lancelot; B. Sir Galahad; C. Merlin.
18. Androcles was not killed by a lion because he: A. had no fear; B. had befriended the lion; C. was able to run away.
19. The Sleeping Beauty slept for a hundred years because she: A. pricked her finger; B. opened a secret door; C. made a witch angry.
20. Rikid-Tiki-Tavi, the mongolian, was a valuable animal because he could: A. get rid of mice; B. frighten burglars; C. kill snakes.

(Solutions: Page 20)

OLD FAVOURITES GET MORE VALUABLE

AMID the excitement of collecting the Empire's new Coronation stamps, remember some increasingly valuable older favourites.

I am thinking of the Sudanese stamps, which will be replaced when the future of the Sudan is decided.



now administered by Britain and Egypt, is settled and the country governs itself.

Among the nicest Sudanese issues of recent years is the rirmal set. You see one here.

This two-plastre stamp came out in the early 1930's and cost 2d. in London. Now the price is 2s.—J.A.A.

GRAPEFRUIT STUNT

Make a little tent with a handkerchief by spreading it on the floor and pulling it up at the centre. Ask a friend to stand close to the handkerchief and balance a pie tin on his head. Place a grapefruit in the pie tin.

Now ask him to pick up the handkerchief without upsetting the grapefruit and without holding onto anything for support.

If you think this is easy, try it yourself.

Rupert's Coral Island—11



"At length Beryl pulled herself together. 'I must get back to the others or they'll think I'm lost,' she declared, and shouldering the heavy satchel she started off. But Rupert stayed behind and took a whole lot of his old friends. 'Oh, how I wish I could see a coral island!'" he says. "I'd think I'd ever be clever enough to find one?"

The old man smiles quietly. "My sort of coral island can't be found by being clever," he murmurs. "Not even by being a good killer, but only by being born under a lucky star!"

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"ORNA"	due 25th Nov.	from P. Gulf, Karachi, Bombay & Singapore
"OZARDA"	sails 27th Nov.	for Japan
"OZARDA"	due 6th Dec.	from Japan
"OZARDA"	sails 7th Dec.	for Singapore, Colombo, Bombay & Karachi
"OZARDA"	sails 7th Dec.	via P. Gulf Ports via Bombay

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Early Libraries Kept Their Books Chained

AT one time books were so precious that they had to be chained up to prevent their wandering away.

Now, when books are very plentiful, thousands of them being printed yearly, it is hard to think of a time when it would be difficult for an ordinary person to own a book.

In the Middle Ages, however, the books were laboriously written by hand by patient monks. Even after the invention of the printing press, it was a long time before enough books were printed so that the cost of a single volume was within reach of the average person. Books were chained in churches and libraries so that they could be used by all of the faithful.

Michelangelo designed a library for chained books as late as 1571. This was for the House of Medici at Florence, Italy.

This library contained a number of lecterns or high reading stands with benches on either side. On the top of each lectern were chained several books. Under each lectern or desk was a shelf nine inches high, which also held books lying flat. The shelf was at least a few inches from the edge of the lectern to comfortably provide room for the readers' knees. The chains were attached to the book by the cover. On the outside of a row of lecterns or on the aisle, might be posted a list of books contained in that row.

In some libraries, books were kept in cupboards or chests called "almshouses." Often a recess in the wall was designed to contain these pieces of furniture. These were always locked. In



In most libraries students had to stand up to study. One Chinese lad fixed a hair-jerking method to keep from falling asleep.

a few instances there were three locks with three keys held by three different people for extra safety of the books.

A bishop or a king might want to carry his books with him from place to place. He used a chest with rings on either side for this purpose. A long pole could be passed through the rings, and on to the shoulders of two men who would transport the books.

Old account books contain an interesting note about old libraries. Sum of money spent for "rubbing the library." This can be translated to mean, "dusting the library" or "dusting the books in the library."

Some libraries were not provided with seats. The scholars had to stand up while they read. A story is told of a Chinese youth who fastened his queue to a beam above the desk. If he should get sleepy and his head fall forward, he would be awakened by the pull on his hair and be recalled to his studies.

POPULAR RECORDS:

Basin Street Six
Offer Fine Disc

GEORGE Girard's trumpet solo on the Basin Street Six's Mercury Recording of "Melancholy Rhapsody" should rank as one of the outstanding individual performances of 1953.

Girard's trumpet is reminiscent of Bunny Berigan's in many passages. It is persuasive and authoritative without being ostentatious.

This is truly a fine record, because on the flipover the Basin Street Six team up for an authentic New Orleans version of the old Dixieland standby, "Panama."

Kid Ory, who never has lost his New Orleans touch on his sojourns to California, has added a superb recording of "Dixieland One Step" to Good Time Jazz's library of Crescent City classics. The combo plays "Ory's Trombone" on the other side, but who cares?

If you're grieving over the demise of bebop, you'll be happy to know M-G-M has resurrected the body with a 12-inch Long Play waxing of the memorable 1946 Woody Herman concept at Carnegie Hall.

Herman's ubiquitous clarinet gets a rest, with most of the sinuous solos going to the late Sunny Berman. Red Norvo's vibes

are evident, too, in the Woodchopper numbers. There are 16 tunes in all, including the new famous "Wild Root."

During the dismal period while Dixieland was in a limbo and bop was waiting to be born, there was always Duke Ellington, one of the greatest artists of the 20th century, to make mood music.

The Duke is still very much around, and his latest Columbia LP, "Premiered by Ellington," is a masterful assembly of eight numbers which have stood up through the years including "Stardust," "Stormy Weather," "Cocktail for Two" and "Flamingo."

Dean Martin's song from his latest movie is an amusing one. It's called "That's Am re" and Dean has recorded the merry tune for Capitol. Same goes for Blue Barron on an M-G-M label.

George Shaw's vocal on "Rags to Riches" (Decca) gets expert Latin-styled backing from Jimmie Layden's orchestra. "Let Me Go, Devil" on the flip is a warning to all.

Hillbilly hit of the week: "Cattish Bogie" by Tennessee Ernie on a Capitol single.

—WILLIAM D. LAFFLER

• BY • THE • WAY •
by Beachcomber

THOSE who imagined that the unintelligent interest taken in each other by C. Suet Esq. and the exquisite Slopepinner girl would lead to a whirlwind romance are doomed to disappointment.

Neither is the impetuous type, and, at the present rate of progress, it will be about ten years before Suet realises that she might be more to him than Carraway's "Essentials of Schedulisation"; and before Minnie begins to wonder whether a home and a husband might not be more fun than sitting on farm-earls with an eight-and-fourpenny crown on her head. "The mobile horse-drawn on wheels which brought them together is an insecure foundation for a lifelong partnership," said a friend of the Slopepinner family last night.

Frozen cod exhibition

CROWDS waited all night for the doors to open yesterday morning at London's first exhibition of frozen cod. First to arrive was Mrs. Calmont, of 3, Balaclova - drive, Spargrave. When the exhibition had been officially opened, dancing began in an annex. In the main hall intelligent criticisms of the various exhibits were heard on all sides, and the ingenuity shown in displaying the fish drew admiring exclamations from more than one of the visitors. It is hoped to make the exhibition an annual affair. "C'est formidable," was the warm tribute of a Frenchman from Montargis.

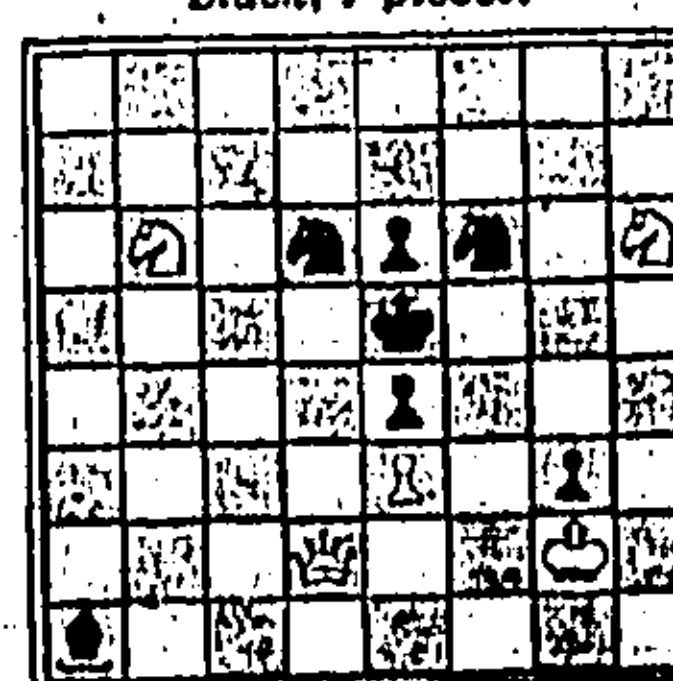
A lonesome Maharajah

Even Indian Princes are no longer romantic.
(An aeglamourjournaliste.)

DON'T lose heart, my pretty ones. A man riding an elephant along a country road to the Chessington Zoo shouted to a pretty girl: "Hey! Can I give you a lift?" "Oh, your Highness!" simpered the little ass, stirred by visions of champagne and curry suppers, served by discreet slaves in some pavilion of jade and onyx. "Are you a real maharajah?" she asked. "Not 'arf, with knobs on," replied the gay cavalier. "You

CHESS PROBLEM

By F. PABOUCHE
Black, 7 pieces.



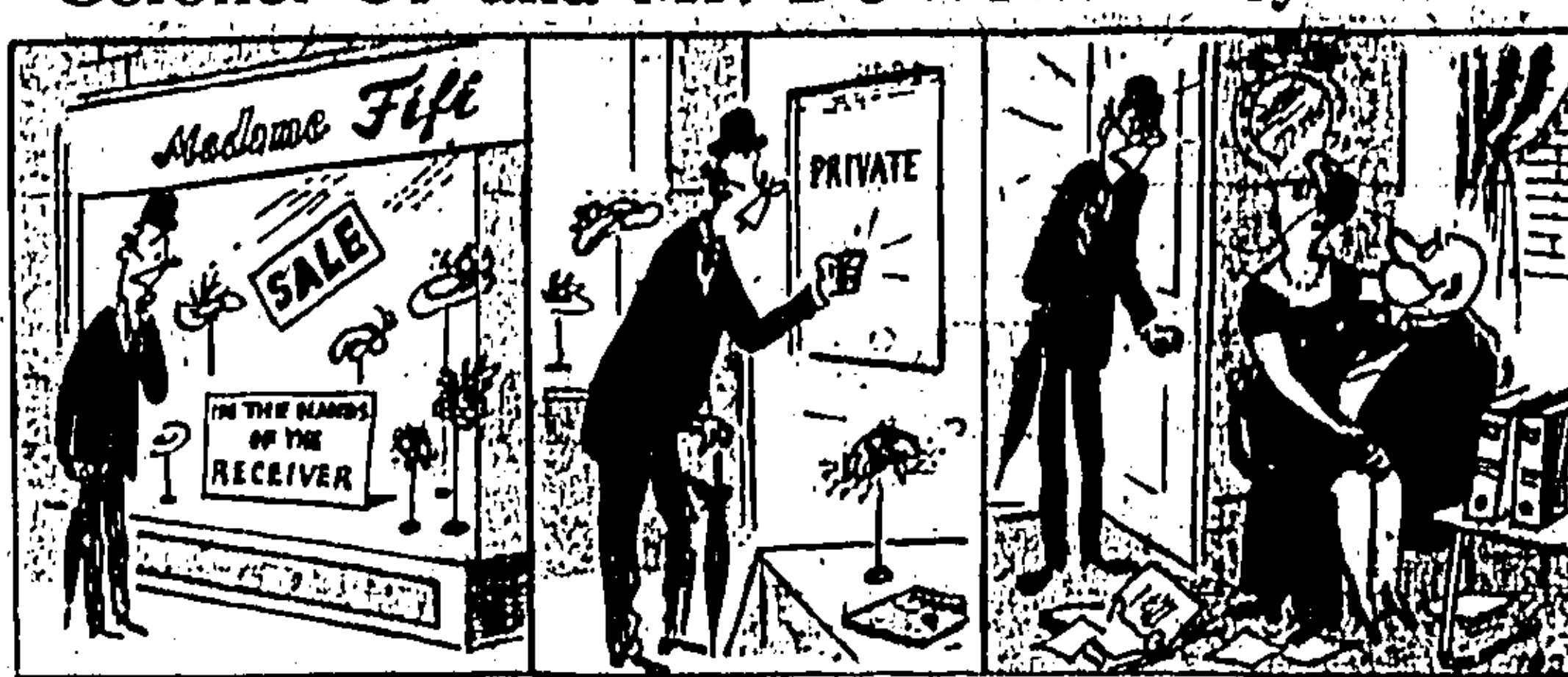
White, 5 pieces.

White to play: mate in two.

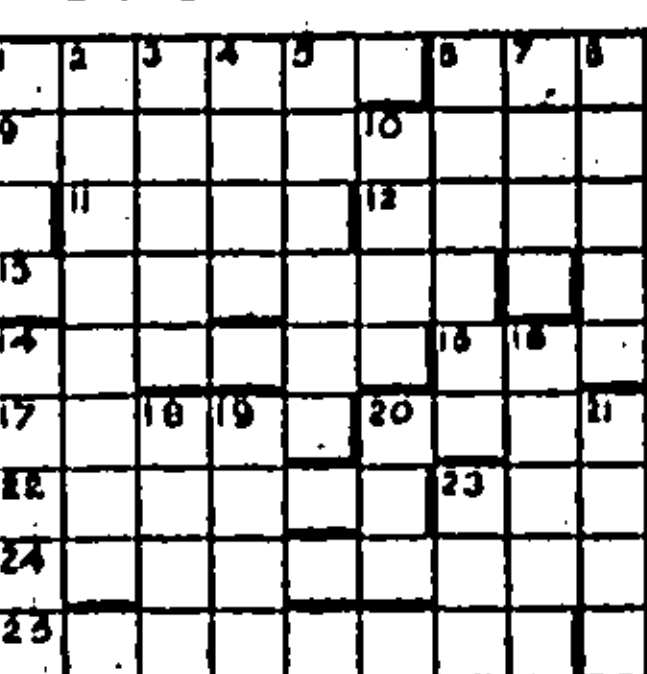
Solution to yesterday's problem:

1. Q-Q3, any; 2. Q, or Kt mates.

Colonel UP and Mr. DOWN... by Walter



CROSSWORD



- Across:
- In charge of the meat. (5)
 - Everything stops for it. (3)
 - Like a forest made to order. (8)
 - Behind the small advertisement. (4)
 - Her ladies were pampered in Marlowe and Shakespeare. (4)
 - There were a number of them in Gloucester. (7)
 - Music to my ears. (6)
 - Amuse after noon, apparently. (3)
 - The hill in the south-east. (5)
 - Eighty-two? Cotton? (4)
 - You involved with a quartette. (6)
 - This kind of lion has a mouse. (3)
 - Where the sailor uses his sheets in the wind? (6, 4)
 - This downy mean cash for a diamond clip. (3, 5)
- Down:
- Master of Arts is above low. (4)
 - Is it ever at rest in 24 Acres? (5)
 - Is not to be changed? (5)
 - Steals away the ship. (4)
 - It has a substantial. (6)
 - Given made up of two. (10)
 - Dine facing backwards. (4)
 - An entrance for a jewel. (5)
 - Dialect attorney joins the speaker. (4)
 - Copy otherwise. (5)
 - If a man of straw looks this, something might crop up. (5)
 - One hundred out of the witches' number. (4)
 - Both ends of Rotterdam. (4)
 - The tucker will make you laugh. (3)
 - Last laugh, see a girl. (4)
 - Direct the director. (4)

SOLUTION
TO CHECK
YESTERDAY'S
PUZZLE

WHAT'S HER LINE?

Greta MANSAGE

Re-arrange the letters to spell her occupation.

(Solution on Page 20)

DARTWORDS

STARTING point for Dartwords today is the SERPENTINE in London's Hyde Park and, to complete the London association, the last two words combine to make CHEAPSIDE. You have to get from one to the other rearranging the other 17 words in such a way that the relationship between any word and the one next to it is governed by one of six rules.

RULES

- The word may be an anagram of the word that precedes it.
- It may be a synonym of the word that precedes it.
- It may be found by adding one letter to, subtracting one from, or changing one letter in the preceding word.
- It may be associated with the preceding word in a saying, simile, metaphor, or association of ideas.
- It may form with the preceding word a name of a well-known person, place, or thing in fact or fiction.
- It may be associated with the preceding word in a title or in the action of a book, play, or other composition.
- A typical succession of words might be: Lumps - Slump - Slump - Drives - Grace - Darling - Clementine.

(Solution on Page 20)



"I certainly enjoyed your last book. I made fifty dollars posing for the cover."

YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14

BORN today, you are definitely an individualist; and you want to do what you want to do without the intervention of others in your affairs. Strangely enough, however, you are critical of what others do, and are apt to be sticking your nose into other people's business—just the thing that you would most regret, perfectly. This may come about, since you do have a compassionate and sympathetic feeling for all mankind and want to help out all these less fortunate than yourself.

You are impulsive and sometimes speak your mind before you take time to take a second "think" as to how what you say may sound. Your native frankness and sincerity makes people believe in you and your opinions, especially in times of crisis.

You have literary talent which should be cultivated. Although you have a good head for business, you dislike the details of money-making and should have a partner who can look out for your interest. You are a good "idea man" and just need someone to put your ideas into fast production. Energetic, and with a great deal of physical vitality, you can get a lot of work done under pressure. Since you have what is called a "good nose for news" you would make a good newspaper reporter. And—since you know how to analyse fact, you would make a fine detective or lawyer.

To find what the stars have in store for tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 15

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Your plans perhaps may need to be made with the connivance of the weatherman. But have fun.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Spiritual guidance through church attendance might prove highly beneficial for you just now.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—First, take care of your devotional exercises. Then you can plan a quiet Sunday afternoon of pleasure.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Relax and let down tensions. Don't do a bit of work unless you must. Store up energy for next week.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—You might plan to invite all your relatives for Sunday dinner. It would prove a happy gathering.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—If plans for going out of town collapse at the last minute, you can still have fun at home.

BORN today, the stars have given you considerable natural genius, and if you can utilise these gifts with patience and persistence, always working toward a definite goal, you may acquire success, fame—and eventual wealth. Although you are naturally conventional to a degree, you are apt to grow less so as you become older and will depend more upon your imaginative inspiration and new ideas. Although your life may not be an easy one, you may look forward to eventual success, and after middle age you should be able to lead a life of comfortable leisure, if you wish.

You are not as personally ambitious as you might be, and instead of waiting for opportunity to knock at your door, it might be well for you to go out hunting. It doesn't take much initiative for one of your talent to make a comfortable living, and if you are satisfied with complacent mediocrity, then there is no trouble at all about reaching that! It is only if you want to reach the top that you will need to be alert and make the most of each opportunity as it appears. With you to procrastinate is fatal!

Although you are not one to make a display of your affections, you are highly emotional and cannot be happy unless you have the companionship of the other sex. An early marriage would be wise, for you will want to have your own home and family as soon as you leave the paternal roof.

To find what the stars have in store for tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 16

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Be on your guard against some kind of trickery. Alertness will help you to avoid being "taken in."

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Side-step any arguments, valid unless you are especially Don't let yourself get involved. Careful. Haste makes waste, too. Let others speak out; you keep your own mind.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—If you are charged in your work, the results will be proper, but it is wise not to be too hasty. To shirk is to fail.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—If you have taken the necessary rest the last two days, you will feel energetic and bright.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Don't let a depressing mood deter you from doing a good day's work. Profits are high if you work hard!

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—If a difficult situation arises today, you should be more than adequately prepared to meet it.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—A young relative may be helped kind and encouraged by the advice help you to avoid being "taken in."

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—You could lose something you 22—Side-step any arguments, valid unless you are especially Don't let yourself get involved. Careful. Haste makes waste, too. Let others speak out; you keep your own mind.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—A thoughtless remark might hurt your feelings for a moment, but it is wise not to be too sensitive about it.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—If you are patient, all things that you desire will work out as they should at this time. Make progress.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—If you are over-confident, it can be a serious as being too timid. Strike a happy medium, if you can.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Your energy should be at peak right now and capable of doing everything that you want done.

JACOBY
ON BRIDGE

Held Cards Will Give
You Good Tip

By OSWALD JACOBY

WHEN your opponent makes the opening lead, you naturally study the card that was led to see what you can find out from it. Did you ever reflect on the fact that sometimes you can find out more from what was not led?

In today's hand West led the five of clubs. The lead didn't seem to mean much; West had merely led the unbid suit. But there was a vital clue in what West had failed to lead.

East took the first trick with the ace of clubs and returned the seven of clubs. West played the king of clubs to cover South's Jack, and dummy ruffed.

How should South continue? It isn't very convenient to get to the South hand to begin the diamonds. Perhaps declarer should plan to begin the diamonds from the dummy (either at once or after drawing trumps); for such a plan would succeed if the diamonds were 2-2 or if the ace happened to drop a singleton king or queen.

But South is guided to the right line of play by the fact that I have mentioned a couple

NORTH (D) 18			
AK84			
KQ93			
A963			
WEST EAST			
Q10762	J8		
K10	10865		
KQ4	7		
K105	AQ97432		
SOUTH			
53			
AJ72			
J10852			
J8			
North-South vul.			
North	East	South	West
10	Pass	10	Pass
20	Pass	Pass	Pass
30	Pass	Pass	Pass
Opening lead—45			

of times already. West had not led his king of clubs, so he hadn't started with the king-queen of that suit.

West hadn't led the queen of spades, but had chosen to lead away from the king of clubs. It was highly probable, therefore, that West didn't have spades headed by Q-J-10.

This was highly significant. West had bid on a broken spade suit, with the king of clubs as side strength—and what else? Obviously West had diamond strength, and perhaps a singleton somewhere.

In short, South can practically read the entire hand if he uses every scrap of information at his disposal. And then the winning line of play is quite clear.

After ruffing the second club in dummy, declarer cashes the king of hearts and leads a low heart to his Jack. West's spade discard is not a bit unexpected.

South leads the jack of diamonds, intending to let it ride if West plays low. West should cover with the queen of diamonds, and dummy wins with the ace. Dummy then returns a diamond, and it doesn't matter whether East ruffs or allows his partner to win. South can simply use the diamonds as a way of making East ruff, and he can easily bring in the game from that point on.

CARD SENSE

Q—The bidding has been: North East South West
1 Diamond Pass 1 Heart 1 Spade
2 Clubs Pass ?

You, South, hold: Spades 7-3, Hearts K-Q-J-9-3-2, Diamonds 8-7, Clubs A-3-2. What do you do?

A—Bid three hearts. Game in hearts is very likely unless the hand is a complete misfit. You show your strength and the nature of your heart suit by this jump.

TODAY'S QUESTION
The bidding is the same as in the question just answered. You, South, hold: Spade 7, Hearts K-Q-J-10-7-4-2, Diamonds 8-7, Clubs A-3-2. What do you do?

Answer On Monday

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SHEAFFER'S
Scrip

JOHN CLARKE'S CASEBOOK FIGHTING MAN

SEVENTEEN years ago, when he was still in his teens, James joined the Regular Army. He must have been then the kind of young soldier recruiting posters show—lean, keen-eyed, strong; and he took to the Army's way of life from the start and was regularly promoted.

By 1941 James was a sergeant, stationed with his regiment in Singapore. For the next few years he was a prisoner of the Japanese.

Perhaps it was those years that were the undoing of him, for since he came back from the East all the promise he had once shown seems to have gone out of him.

IN THE RING

HE left the Army and lived for a time on his gratuity and a small pension he received. But he was married now, and the money he had did not last long. He became a fighting man again, of a different sort this time—a professional boxer.

He was still strong, tall, and without any spare flesh on him, but his boxing career did not go well and he presently quit it and became a bus driver.

Then one day he drove off a car without the owner's consent, and, as he drove it without being covered by insurance, his punishment included not only prison but a 12-month driving ban. That was the end of his career on buses.

ONE AGAINST . . .

FOR a third time, James became a fighting man. Only now he took on his toughest opponent yet—his own wife, the whole of society. He became a criminal.

Presently he had convictions against him for shopbreaking, housebreaking, stockbreaking.

Punch-drunk with prison sentences, he quit this career at last, in the early part of this year. He got himself a labouring job.

At some point, never specified, James's marriage broke up. A court ordered him to pay so much a week towards his wife's support. He obeyed the order for a time and then forgot about it.

CAUGHT ONCE MORE

SO in a sense James was a wanted man again when he was arrested at King's Cross station the other evening. He had been seen taking a suspicious interest in other people's luggage in a train due to leave for the North.

He was dressed to catch attention. Over his shabby suit he wore a woman's hosiery mackintosh.

"Where did you get that mackintosh?" a detective asked him.

"A girl gave it me," James said. But he could not give her

name, so he was arrested. Next morning at the Clerkenwell court, he pleaded guilty to being in unlawful possession of the gaudy mackintosh.

The detective who had arrested James told the story to Mr. W. Blake, Q.C., the magistrate. "I got the mackintosh from a girl," James said. "I gave you her name?"

"No, I don't want to break up someone else's."

"Well, it's a thousand pities to see you there," said the magistrate. "You do well in the Army and now you seem to have lost your grip. Go to prison for two months."

James was led away. Perhaps in the two months he would be away he would become a fighting man again. The fight then would be against the toughest opponent of all—his own worst self.

BACK TO GAOL

HE added another, now. "I tell you the truth," he said. "I got the mackintosh from a girl. I gave you her name?"

"No, I don't want to break up someone else's."

"Well, it's a thousand pities to see you there," said the magistrate. "You do well in the Army and now you seem to have lost your grip. Go to prison for two months."

James was led away. Perhaps in the two months he would be away he would become a fighting man again. The fight then would be against the toughest opponent of all—his own worst self.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

The City Hall Committee

Sir,—The City Hall Committee will be holding a meeting on Thursday, November 26, for further discussion of the design and composition of the City Hall.

Members of the public who have practical suggestions to offer are invited to send them to the undersigned for consideration by the Committee.

A. M. DRAGA,
Hon. Secretary,
City Hall Committee,
c/o Sir Elly Kallorrie & Sons,
St. George's Building.

BOYS AND GIRLS SOLUTIONS

1-a. Prince. 2-c. The Hare took a nap. 3-b. Switzerland. 4-b. Spinning a box. 5-a. Disobeyed her mother. 6-c. Bull. 7-b. Forest. 8-a. Animals. 9-a. Horse. 10-b. Seven dwarfs. 11-c. River. 12-b. Tom. 13-c. White (whale). 14-a. 20 years. 15-b. Gold. 16-c. On a desert island. 17-a. Lance. 18-b. Had befriended the lion. 19-a. Pricked her finger. 20-c. Kill snakes.

DARTWORDS SOLUTION

SERPENTINE—Winding—Wending
Landing—Ginned—Snared
Scared—Sniff—Snuff—Nonsense—Twaddle—Waddle—Puddle—Cane—Ocean—Sea—See—Bishop—Mitre—Merl—Worth—Fourth—Forward—Ewer—Perverse—Perverse—Pickle—Suckle—Hammer—Tong—Tonnes—Hones—Hones—Day—Brook—Breaker—Crake—Corn—Plaster—Palter—Palm—Palms—Dates—Sled—Sled—Sled—Sheep—Sheep—CHEAP—SIDE.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"I've got on a brand-new bathing suit today—and nobody has even noticed it!"

Dividing The West Still Soviet Game, Says U.S. Spokesman

Washington, Nov. 13. "Molotov is still trying to divide the Western powers," the State Department spokesman, Mr. Henry Suydam, said tonight, commenting on today's press conference given by the Soviet Foreign Minister.

The spokesman added that, in trying still to divide the West, Molotov still reiterated "the astonishing Soviet attitude that it would be impossible to achieve progress in Europe if Communist China did not join in."

He described Communist China as an aggressor in Asia.

The State Department spokesman said that Molotov's press conference was obviously aimed at softening the tone of the Soviet note of November 3. But, he added, the Foreign Minister's statement in no way altered what he described as the unacceptable conditions contained in the note.

On the basis of press reports, it seemed that Molotov was worried about the reactions caused by the Soviet note of November 3.

NOT ACCEPTABLE

In this note, the Soviet Union not only rejected the invitation of the three Western powers for a conference about Germany, Mr. Suydam said, but it also put up a series of pre-conditions to any meeting which, as the Soviet Foreign Office must have known, were not acceptable as far as the United States was concerned.

Although Molotov's press conference was obviously designed to soften the tone of the Soviet note, Molotov, in fact, did not alter any of the unacceptable conditions set out in the Soviet note.

Moreover, the spokesman said, he continued to seek to divide the Western powers in Europe and, at the same time, reiterated the astonishing Soviet position that it was impossible to make any progress in European questions until after Communist China, the aggressor in Asia, was brought in to help to solve world problems.—France-Press.

WANT LIFTING OF BAN

Tokyo, Nov. 14. The Fishery Board intends to ask the United States and Canada to lift the ban on catching fur seals in the sea, Kyodo news agency reported today quoting sources close to the Agriculture and Forestry Ministry.

The Board was said to be expecting shortly replies from the United States and Canada to its report on fur seal resources in Japan, which it submitted to them some time ago.

Hunting for fur seals in the sea is totally banned in Japan today under an agreement with the United States.—Reuter.

Diplomats To Meet Again At Panmunjom

Panmunjom, Nov. 14. United Nations and Communist diplomats, attempting to arrange a Korean peace conference, will meet today (Saturday) for the first time in a week. But apparently they were only an inch closer to summoning the peace parley.

United Nations envoy Arthur H. Dean and the Chinese and North Korean Ambassadors last week turned the deadlocked talks over to their Staff officers who held six secret meetings.

But informed quarters believed that the junior officers at the very best were able to agree only on a minor agenda point which would not eliminate the basic dispute between the Communists and the United Nations.

The talks were stated over Red insistence that neutral Asian nations and Russia attend the peace conference along with the nations which fought in Korea.

Mr. Dean, however, is pledged to limit parties to the actual negotiations by order of a United Nations General Assembly resolution.

The Staff officers apparently did not negotiate this disagreement which neither side appears willing to compromise. Instead, the most they could agree on was the tactic for discussing three phases of the conference at one time, qualified sources said.

Observers expect the Staff officers to recommend to the high level envoys that two or three sub-committees debate simultaneously the time, place and composition of the peace conference.

WOULD BE VICTORY

Mr. Dean, authorized by the General Assembly to negotiate only the date and site of the parley, originally suggested the "sub-committee" approach.

If the Communists accept the suggestion, observers said, it would be a minor victory for Mr. Dean and the first real sign of a Red compromise in the three-week-old Panmunjom talks.

But these quarters quickly pointed out that the compromise would not mean that the Communists had accepted their neutral nations idea—a proposal the Reds wanted to negotiate before considering other details for calling the conference.

The results of the Staff officers' talks are expected to be known after today's conference.—United Press.

Singapore Releases Stowaway

Singapore, Nov. 13. The Singapore Immigration authorities today freed 22-year-old Kishino Nasaji, also known as John Watanabe, who had been detained for more than eight months in a cell prison after arriving here illegally.

Nasaji, who stowed away aboard a ship in Hongkong, jumped into the sea when he realised the vessel was not going to Japan as he thought, but taking him south.

The mystery about Nasaji is that nobody knows his nationality or identity. The Japanese consular authorities say he is a native of Okinawa, but the American authorities state he is Japanese.

Nasaji will be allowed to look for a job in Singapore, but he must report to the authorities from time to time.—France-Press.

English Girl Sets Record

London, Nov. 13. Miss Sheila Lerwill, women's world high jump champion, tonight set up new world figures for the women's indoor leap when she cleared 5 ft 6 in (about 1.68 metres) at the Wembley Empire Pool, London.

Miss Lerwill, a member of the Spartan Ladies Athletic Club, London, had last night improved on the 21-year-old figure of 5 ft 3 in (about 1.59 metres) set by Miss Jean Shiley (United States), clearing 5 ft 3 in (about 1.61 metres).

Two British best indoor performances were also established tonight.

In the women's 48 metres hurdles, Mrs. Iris Pond, of London Olympiad, returned 7.3 seconds, and Norman Grogan, the Scottish native pole vault champion, cleared 12 feet 10 inches (about 3.92 metres).—Reuter.

Jurists To Confer

Tokyo, Nov. 14. The Minister of Justice, Mr. Takeo Miki, will head a group of distinguished Japanese jurists on a visit to India on November 25, according to Japanese press reports.

The group will attend an international legal conference opening in New Delhi on December 28 and due to last six days.

The Japanese delegation includes Mr. Shigeru Kuriyama, Justice of the Supreme Court.—Reuter.



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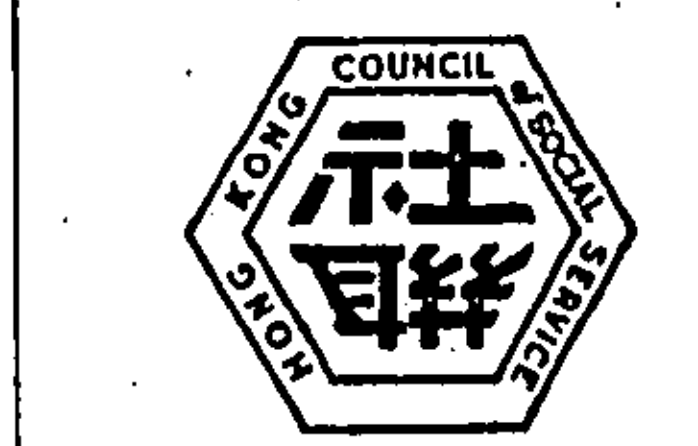
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Damaged packages are to be left in the godowns for examination by Consignees and the Company's surveyors, Messrs. Goddard & Douglas at 10 a.m. on the 12th November, 1953.

To comply with the General Bonded Warehouse Regulations, consignees must have a Revenue Officer in attendance when damaged dutiable goods are examined.

No claims will be admitted after the goods have left the steamer's godown, all claims against the steamer must be presented to the Underwriters on or before the 31st November, 1953, or they will not be recognised.

No Fire Insurance will be effected.
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Agents.

Hongkong, 9th November, 1953.

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m.v. "MENTOR"
are hereby notified that their cargo is being discharged into the Hongkong & Kowloon Wharf & Godown Co.'s godown where it will be at consignee's risk and subject to the Wharf's terms and condition of storage, and where delivery may be obtained.

Damaged packages are to be left in the godowns for examination by Consignees and the Company's surveyors, Messrs. Goddard & Douglas at 10 a.m. on the 18th November, 1953.

To comply with the General Bonded Warehouse Regulations, consignees must have a Revenue Officer in attendance when damaged dutiable goods are examined.

No claims will be admitted after the goods have left the steamer's godown, and all goods remaining undischarged on the 18th November, 1953, will be subject to rent.

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